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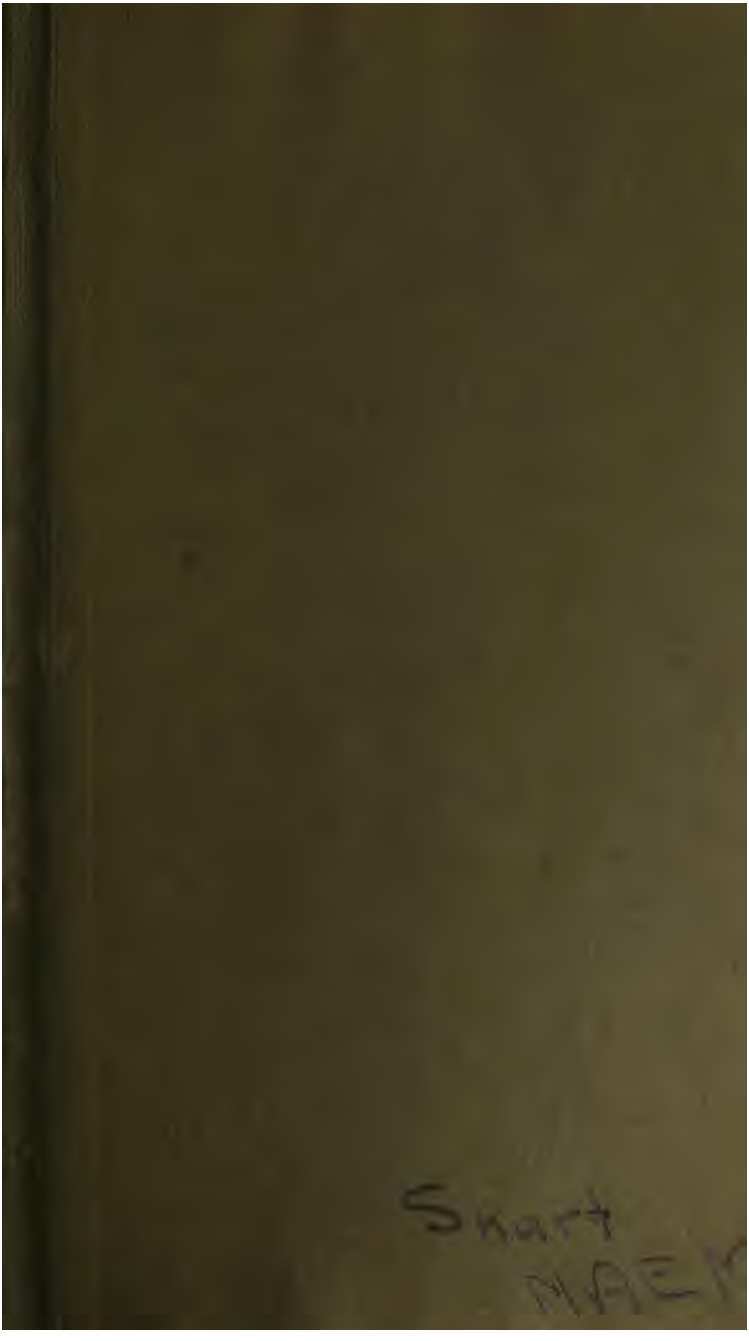
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SELECTION

OF

POEMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SELECTION OF POEMS.

ON THE CREATION.

We to Jehovah's altar bring
The incense of these pious lays;
May he inspire us, while we sing
His greatness, and his goodness praise.

But how shall we exalt his name,
Whose wise, all-comprehending thought
Projected this stupendous frame,
And fashion'd all things out of naught?

Who, 'midst the realm of ancient night,
One undistinguish'd, void abyss!
By his bare fiat form'd the light,
And bade this beauteous fabrick rise.

Celestial hosts of cherubs, say,
  Attendants on his awful nod!
How issu'd forth the dawning day,
  Refulgent shadow of the God?

Rais'd with stupendous arch, the skies
  Widely their azure mantle spread;
On sable wings the tempest flies,
  New risen from the liquid bed.

The marshall'd waves with headlong course
  Retreat from the up-rearing land,
And rally their divided force,
  Obedient to the great command.

Nocturnal lamps, their measur'd round
  Now leading, radiant blessings shed;
With dignity unrivall'd crown'd,
  The sun, just lighted, rears his head.

Unbrooded flocks in ether play,
  The deep enliven'd shines in scales;
There infant eagles brave the day,
  Here drops commence enormous whales.

But O! what numbers shall we find
  Expressing how ourselves began?
When the ador'd Almighty mind
  His scheme epitomiz'd in man:

Resemblance of himself imprest,
In reason, sanctity, command;
With wisdom fill'd his stately breast,
With sceptre of the globe his hand.

Ye glorious works of heav'n and earth,
Chiefly, thou last, Hosannah's raise
To Him, whose goodness gave you birth:
Unwearied your Creator praise!

Weekly Amusement.

CHARACTER OF THE FAIR SEX.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps, I've held my way;
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To stranger's ills a constant prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune ever was to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But women grateful, true, and kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Taints the free bounty of their heart!
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, or savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
How cordial was the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;—
Woman's the stranger's gen'ral blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.

EPIGRAM ON A LAME BEGGAR.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he say true, he lies.

Dr. Donne.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A NOSEGAY.

Thou canst not steal the roses bloom
To decorate thy face;
But the sweet blush of modesty
Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the distant gale,
(Beneath, in lowly bed)
So rising worth new merit gains,
By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that lily's white
In thy complexion find;
Yet innocence may shine as fair
Within thy spotless mind.

Now, in the op'ning spring of life,
Let every flowret bloom;
The budding virtues in thy breast
Shall yield the best perfume.

This nosegay in thy bosom plac'd,
A moral may convey:
For soon its brightest tints shall fade,
And all its sweets decay.

So short liv'd are the lovely tribes
Of Flora's transient reign:
They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die,
Then turn to earth again.

And thus, my dear, must ev'ry charm,
Which youth is proud to share,
Alike this quick succession prove,
And the same truth declare.

Sickness will change the roseate hue,
Which glowing health bespeaks;
And age will wrinkle with its cares
The smile on beauty's cheeks.

But as that fragrant myrtle wreath
Will all the rest survive,
So shall the mental graces still
Through endless ages live.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me,
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas ev'ning, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet were very cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night:

'Twas bitter cold, indeed, he said,
At home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad—
The wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back—
Another at her breast:

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there—
The wind it was so chill?
She turn'd her head and bade the child,
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband serv'd
A soldier far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl—her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye,
Who with the wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passer's-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her breast allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee.

EPIGRAM

ON DRAMATIC UNITIES.

On Unities of Place and Time,
Let critics show a school-boy's skill;
Give me the bard, whose pow'rs sublime
Command my fancy at his will.

For he whose characters delight,
Who ev'ry passion can unfold,
Makes me forget time's tardier flight,
Tho' infants in three hours grow old.

I care not where his scenes are hurl'd,
What lands his five acts may explore;
One—in each quarter of the world,
The fifth may be—in all the four.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

Far from the sunny isle, and vine-hung grove,
My native soil, to Britain's temp'rate sky
I came to learn the tale of hopeless love,
To chaunt its woes to Delia, and to die.

Oft shall the pensive maid those notes recall,
Whose varied melody did once engage,
And oft the tear of kind regret shall fall,
As sad she gazes on my vacant cage.
Yet, gentle mourner, not thy tears or sighs,
Can life's extinguish'd taper re-illume;
And when for thee despairing Strephon dies,
Thy angel Pity cannot break his tomb:
Yet now such pow'r is lodg'd in thy soft eyes,
One tender glance would clear the morbid gloom.

Mrs. West.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
'Tis strange the wond'rous charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wild fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the bank of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream,
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

" He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
That vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose;
But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
And jarring tempers rose.

" The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair;
This be a match for this: (he said)
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here:

" But parting from their warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride,
Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
The sweetest joy of life:
But oh the crouds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd t' eternal strife!

" Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain."

Weekly Amusement.

CONTEMPLATION.

CONTEMPLATION, lovely fair!
Far from scenes of noise and care.
Evermore delights to dwell
In the still sequester'd cell:
Lead me then, propitious power,
To thy lonely rural bower;
To the silent, shady wood,
To the rivulet's dimpling flood:
And, on summer mornings, lead
To the russet heath or mead:
To the cot's plain simple door,
The ploughman's peaceful, happy floor:
Where Phyllis brings her loaded pail,
And young affection lisps its tale;
Lead to dusky lanes or shades,
Where tall oaks lift high their heads:
To the seat of happiness,
To the garden's lov'd recess;
Beds with pinks and roses gay,
The pride and boast of June and May.

Contemplation, nymph serene!
Guide to lawns, or upland green,

Or near the promontory's side—
Let me hear the roaring tide,
Hear old Ocean's wild waves roll;—
Or the sad knell slowly toll,
Or, at gloomy hour of day,
With me to the church-yard stray,
And meditate among the dead;
While the sexton plies his spade,
There peruse the time-worn stones,
Or, as he turns up human bones,
Think on what I soon must be,
Think on vast eternity:
Till torches dissipate the gloom,
And the sable mourners come;
Till the venerable priest,
In his snowy surplice drest,
Loudly begins the solemn lines,
And "dust to dust," at length consigns.

Hail! matron lovely, tho' demure,
Ever chaste and ever pure,
Diffuse thy balm into my breast,
Bring with thee happiness and rest:
Sooth each melancholy sigh,
Teach me to live, and teach to die.

Weekly Amusement.

THE SONG OF SIMEON
PARAPHRASED.

'Tis enough—the hour is come,
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of truth and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high.
Son of righteousness, to thee
Lo! the nations bow the knee,
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head.
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love!

Ibid.

AUTUMN.

I AT my window sit, and see
Autumn his russet fingers lay
On ev'ry leaf of ev'ry tree;
I call, but Summer will not stay.

She flies, the boasting goddess flies,
And pointing where th' espaliers shoot,
Deserve my parting gift, she cries,
I take the leaves, but not the fruit.

Let me the parting gift improve,
And emulate the just reply,
As life's short seasons swift remove,
Ere fixt in Winter's frost I lie.

Health, beauty, vigour, now decline,
The pride of Summer's splendid day,
Leaves which the stem must soon resign,
The mournful prelude of decay.

But let fair virtue's fruit remain,
Though Summer with my leaves be fled,
Then, not despis'd, I'll not complain,
But cherish Autumn in her stead.

Weekly Amusement.

A RECEIPT FOR MARRIED LADIES.

TAKE of beauty and wit what you happen to have,
Each as pure and as simple as nature first gave;
Mix them up with discretion, and, stirring them well,
Add good humour two handsful, for taste and for smell;
Throw in plenty of smiles, but of frowns very few,
For they injure each other, as contraries do;
If the good-man's within, sit and chat by his side,
Lest your silence be constru'd for sourness or pride;
But if ruffled abroad, in a pet he comes home,
To keep up decorum, your cue must be mum;
Let your reas'ning be soft, if you mean to reform,
Reproaches won't mend, but will kindle a storm;
With a smile bid him welcome, and part with a sigh;
It will make him love home, and add to your joy;
Let his friends be treated and receiv'd with respect,
Lest he thinks himself glanc'd at by such a neglect;
To these you may add what affection you please,
But little of fondness, for of love 'tis the lees.
Let your inclination recede to his will,
And of all things avoid the genteel dishabille;
Work this well together in the manner of paste,
Candy'd o'er with good sense, and I warrant 'twill last.

Weekly Amusement.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

A FABLE.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold:
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded gran'ries groan:
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas her's the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe;
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed—
Each hour she with a bounteous hand
Diffus'd her blessings round the land:

Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Pen'ry seiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.—
All blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before.
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair;
When lo! to comfort her, came Care—
And cry'd, "my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more,—
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the gen'rous part."—
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine months brought him forth
A little maid, of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee,
They christen'd her Economy;
And stil'd her face discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mien.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

Weekly Amusement.

AN EXCUSE FOR A KISS.

Addressed to the Honourable Miss —— in consequence of her being offended at the author's saluting her at a friends table after supper.

WHEN pleasure dances in the sparkling eye,
And the gay moments innocently fly;
While social intercourse unbends the heart,
And nature speaks without the veil of art;
If strongly tempted by this scene of bliss,
Th' unguarded mortal dares to snatch a kiss!
Though rigid custom should the deed disown,
And nature claim it for her act alone,
The gen'rous bosom may th' offence forgive,
Disarm the frown, and bid th' offender live.
Yet while contrition marks your suppliant's pray'r,
Who honours prudence in the youthful fair;
May no cold maxims ever disapprove
The kiss of friendship! or the sigh of love!

W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.

ON LOVE.

Love's no irregular desire,
  No sudden start of raging pain,
Which in a moment grows on fire,
  And in a moment cools again:
Not found in the sad sonnetteer,
  That sings of darts, despair, and chains,
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
  He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau,
  Who sighs by rule, in order dies;
Whose ALL consists in outward shew,
  And want of wit by dress supplies.
No; Love is something so divine,
  Description would but make it less:
'Tis what we feel, but can't define;
  'Tis what we know, but can't express.

Weekly Amusement.

SONG.

THE parent bird, whose little nest
Is by its tender young possess'd,
With spreading wings, and downy breast,
Doth cherish them with love;
But soon as nature plumes their wings,
And guides their flight to groves and springs,
Quite unconcern'd the parent sings,
Regardless where they rove.

But hapless we, of human race,
The lasting cares of life embrace,
And still our best affections place
On what procures us pain;
For children, as their years increase,
Increase our cares, and spoil our peace:
Paternal love can never cease,
But ever will remain.

Mary Goldsmith.

SONG.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh;
In them was giv'n, tho' gold was spar'd,
What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

Myrtle and Vine.

SONG.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart,
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart!

This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee.

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath,
My life's last hope would speak—

I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

Sheridan.

THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Just at the hour when dreams are true,
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling beneath her mantle blue.

"Fie, fie!" she cry'd, "why sleep so long,
When she, the nymph you dearly love,
Now roves the vernal flowers among,
And waits for you in yonder grove?

"Hark! you may hear her cherub voice:
The voice of Health is sweet and clear:
Yes, you may hear the birds rejoice
In symphony, her arbour near."

I rose, and hasten'd to the grove,
With eager steps and anxious mind;
I rose the elfin's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.

My fairy took me by the hand,
And cheerfully we stepp'd along;
She stopp'd, but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the russet woodlark's song.

We reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
My fairy was no longer near;
But of her voice I knew the sound,
As thus she whisper'd in my ear:

"The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
Within these precincts loves to dwell;
Her breath now fills the balmy wind;
This path will lead you to her cell."

I bended to the primrose low,
And ask'd if Health might there reside?
"She left me," said the flow'r, "but now,
For yonder vi'let's purple pride."

I question'd next the vi'let queen,
Where buxom Health was to be found?
She told me that "she late was seen
With cowslip's toying on the ground."

Then thrice I kiss'd the cowslips pale,
And in their dew-drops bath'd my face;
I told them all my tender tale,
And begg'd their aid coy Health to trace.

"From us," exclaim'd a lowly flow'r,
"The nymph has many a day been gone;
But now she rests within the bow'r
Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone."

Quick to that bow'r I ran, I flew,
And yet no nymph I there could find;
But fresh the breeze of morning blew,
And Spring was gay, and Flora kind.

If I return'd sedate, and slow,
What, if the nymph I could not see?
The blush that pass'd along my brow
Was proof of her divinity.

And still her votary to prove,
And still her dulcet smiles to share,
I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove,
With untir'd steps and fondest care.

O sprite belov'd! vouchsafe to give
A boon, a precious boon to me;
Within thy influence let me live,
And sometimes too thy beauties see.

So shall the muse, in nobler verse,
And strength renew'd, exulting sing;
Thy praise, thy charms, thy power rehearse,
And sweep, with bolder hand, the string.

Beloe's Miscellanies.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

Lock'd are the golden gates of day,
'Tis thine, O Night! the key to keep;
Morpheus, in velvet's soft array,
Has hush'd the busy world to sleep.

Now Fancy waves her magic rod,
And, roving, spreads her airy wings;
Now flatter'd kings assume the God,
And dreaming vassals ape their kings.

The lover, free from hopes and fears,
In ecstasy imparts the kiss;
The nymph undone, forgets her tears,
Exulting in imagin'd bliss.

Deception all! 'tis thus through life,
Our passions grasp at each extreme;
Pleasure and pain's eternal strife
Convince us life is all a dream.

Yet hail! kind sleep, in poppies drest,
Health's sweetest sister, queen of peace!
In thee distinction sinks to rest;
In thee our daily troubles cease.

Thy willing captives bless thy chain,
Yet slaves at thy command are free;
Poets and princes own thy reign,
And stand on equal terms in thee!

But like the sons of gay delight,
When most thy visits sorrow needs,
Too oft thou tak'st a distant flight,
And death's eternal sleep succeeds.

Eternal? No!—his transient reign,
Like thine, shall revolution see;
The solemn trump shall break his chain,
And set whole realms of captives free.

And thee, O Night! the muse shall hail,
Whose awful gloom the soul invades;
Suns in their burning spheres may fail,
But thou shalt triumph in thy shades.

Ere order sprang in depths profound,
Thy universal sway was known;
Chaos, thy ruder brother, own'd
The ancient sceptre thine alone.

O see! obsequious to thy nod,
Dividing clouds obedient fly;
See the drawn curtains of a God
Unfold the glories of the sky.

View the amazing canopy;
The wide, the wonderful expanse!
Let each bold infidel agree
That GOD is there, unknown to chance.

There the enchanting volume read,
Where world's illumin'd fill the page;
Where radiant orbs their maker plead,
And in his great behests engage.

There learned dunces of the schools,
Behold the language stars can teach;
Then, bending, own Jehovah's rules,
Beyond the power of human reach.

Christopher Jones, a Journeyman Weaver.

ODE TO MORNING.

THE sprightly messenger of day,
To heav'n ascending, tunes the lay
That wakes the tuneful morn:
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise,
And hail the Pow'r, whose glad supplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praise,
Majestic queen! in nobler lays
  Already has been sung:
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
  Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
  The springing valleys smile;
With cheerful haste, the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
  And meets th' accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year!
Wing'd zephyrs wanton round his car;
  Along the æthereal road
Plenty and health attend his beams,
And truth, divinely bright! proclaims
  The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The great first Cause, that bade the spheres
  In tuneful order move:
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen Almighty! and the light
  The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
  And echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
  And music glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
  That op'ning flow'rs diffuse;
Temp'rance and innocence attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
  Associates of the muse.

Riot and guilt, and wasting care,
And fell revenge, and black despair,
  Avoid the morning's light:
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
  Who virtue's dictates slight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
  The goddess walks confess'd;
She gives the landscape pow'r to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
  The wise and gen'rous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And ev'ning shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And heav'ns own thunders roll;
Compos'd he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The calmness of his soul.

C. B.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

POUR, pour again, sweet bard, thy wonted strains,
Soft let them breathe on Sorrow's list'ning ear:
For who like thee so tenderly complains,
Stealing from Pity's eye the ready tear!

Resume thy lyre, and with a master's hand
Awake its chords that now neglected lie;
Around each lover of the muse shall stand,
Bath'd in delicious floods of harmony.

Nor thou refuse this weak, tho' willing lay;
Nor, with contempt, the feeble praise regard
Of her, who, as she wanders on her way,
Forms a rude chaplet for her fav'rite bard;
Whose melting strains congenial virtue hears,
And weeps, and smiles, rejoicing in her tears.

Miss Locke.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE MANNER OF LIFE OF A CELEBRATED WRITER,

Written by himself.

I PASS the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man;)
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd;— the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam,
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self,
By idle passions borne away
To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sigh to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Tho' small, their channel never dry;
Keep a still, even fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;

Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth, or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis four-score pleasures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten whene'er you please.
'Tis true my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean "whose fool are you?"
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.
I'm pleas'd, when vice or folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Weekly Amusement.

SONG.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues,
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring, her notes renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change in love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death, only, with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heav'n together came;
Love will the universe control,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

Booth.

SONG.

Banish'd by your severe command,
I make an awful, sad retreat,
To some more hospitable land,
But shall I thee my fair forget?

No, there I 'll charm the list'ning throng,
With repetitions of your name;
My passion tell in plaintive song,
And, sadly pensive, sooth my flame.

With inbred sighs, the grateful swains
My tale will beg me to renew;
Sweetly appeas'd, beguile their pains,
Transported when I speak of you.

But, should some curious youth demand
Why from my beauteous theme I stray,
With what confusion should I stand,
What wou'd my charmer have me say?

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER CHILDREN,

JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

FROM my prison with joy could I go,
And with smiles meet the savage decree,
Were it only to sleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for me.

But from you, O my children, to part!
Oh! a coward, I melt at my doom;
Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

List, list not to calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt or its fears;
And when at my fate ye will sigh,
My ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah! take my last breath!
Dear babes of my bosom, adieu!
May the cloud be dispers'd by my death,
And open a sunshine for you.

Peter Pindar.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF LOVE.

The occasion that gave rise to the following Poem may require explanation.—A lady had presented to the author an emblematical drawing accompanied by the following lines:

"Tel fut L' amour au Siecle D' or—on ne le trouve plus, mais on le cherche encore—n' offrant qu' un coeur a la Beautè, aussi nud que la Verite, sans armes comme l' Innocence, sans ailes comme la Constance."

SOFT as the down descends to deck
The plumage of the cygnet's neck,
Soft as the silent zephyrs breathe,
Nor wake the slumb'ring wave beneath,
Thy pencil's light and shadowy line
Describes the delicate design:
Union of taste and skill to prove
Such "in the golden age was Love."

See where yon infant, Cupid, stands:—
His arm the subject globe commands;—
There pours his torch, the living fire
Of joy, and hope, and bold desire;
Around his altar lies the bow
That lays the strongest warrior low;
And darts of thrilling force, that prove
What "in the golden age was Love."

Yet why, where Love in height sublime
Triumphant rules o'er fate and time,
Where his full quiver's feath'ry pride
Proclaims o'er all his empire wide;
Why on his altar's trophy'd base
Would'st thou the name of FRIENDSHIP trace?
Not to this heart can friendship prove
What "in the golden age was Love."

Friendship! the cold, reluctant name,
Would quench the warmest, tend'rest flame:
See, where love lights his living lamp!
The sacred fire shall friendship damp?
Love's arrow in my breast I feel;
No wound of Love can friendship heal.
Ah, never can thy friendship prove
What "in the golden age was Love!"

And "cannot Love on earth be found,
Tho' sought of all the world around?"
Is the bright charm thy hand portray'd
Now vanish'd to an empty shade?
Ah no!—within this faithful breast
Still reigns the pow'r of Love confest;
And still to thee its truth shall prove
Such "in the golden age was Love."

Ah me! methinks I hear thee say,
No hearts the pow'r of Love obey;
No constant bards his aid invoke;
No bosoms seek his flow'ry yoke;
Stern av'rice breaks his trampled bow;
The myrtle withers on his brow,
While scarce a leaf remains to prove
What "in the golden age was Love."

I bend to Love's triumphant throne,
"I give to thee one heart alone."
Ah! when far hence compell'd to go,
I drag the tort'ring chain of woe,
Tho' many a fair may seek mine eye,
To thee I'll pour the faithful sigh;
And, spite of time and absence, prove
Such "in the golden age was Love."

See Love in native beauty rise!
Like "Truth," the god rejects disguise;
Like "Innocence," he bears no arms
To shield his breast from vain alarms;
Like "Constancy," unwont to stray,
He spreads no wing to speed away.
How well Emilia's hand can prove
What "in the golden age was Love!"

Oh, dare I hope the beauteous maid
Her Alfred's heart had there portray'd!
That heart, like "Truth," each thought unveil'd,
No wand'ring wish from her conceal'd;
Like "Innocence," unarm'd to bear
The wound her eye inflicted there;
And, firm as "Constancy," should prove
This is the GOLDEN AGE of LOVE.

E. Swift, Esq.

SONG.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms,
I muse with silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

Sir John Moore.

EPITAPH.

EDWARD BURTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, IN CHESTERFIELD,

Died April 23, 1782,

Aged 54.

A TENDER husband, and a friend sincere,
Consign'd to earth, implores the silent tear;
Learn'd in the laws, he ne'er warp'd their sense
To shelter vice, or injure innocence;
But firm to truth, by no mean int'rest mov'd,
To all dispens'd that justice which he lov'd;
Virtue oppress'd he taught her rights to know,
And guilt detected fear'd the coming blow.
Thus humbly useful, and without offence,
He fil l'd the circle mark'd by Providence;
In age completing, what his youth began,
"The noblest work of God,—AN HONEST MAN."

Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

EPITAPH.

Here lyeth interred the body of REBECCA BERRY, the Wife of THOMAS ELTON, of STRATFORD LE BOW, Gent. who departed this life April 26, 1796, aged 52 years.

COME, Ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodg'd in woman kind:
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars;
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her thro' ev'ry scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low, in high estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her HUMILITY.

Stepney, Middlesex.

VERSES,

WRITTEN DURING A FIT OF SICKNESS.

EACH hour my spirits and my strength decay,
Each hour my cares and all my ills increase;
In pain and lassitude I drag the day,
Bankrupt of joy, and stranger e'en to ease.

And when the world's great Aesculapius, Sleep,
His halcyon balm distils through ev'ry breast,
Forbids calamity awhile to weep,
And gives Despair himself a transient rest;

My eyes alone, rebellious to his pow'r,
Refuse his friendly edicts to obey;
At night the rigour of my fate deplore,
Long for the dawn, yet dread the coming day!

John Lord Hervy.

TO A LADY,

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS,

Written by her Husband.

TO you, dear Wife, (and all must grant
A Wife no common confidante),
I dare my secret soul reveal,
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel;

This verse, for instance, I design
To mark a female friend of mine,
Whom long with passion's warmest glee
I've seen, and could for ever see.
But hear me first describe the dame;
If candour then can blame me—blame.
I've seen her charm, at forty, more
Than half her sex at twenty-four;
Seen her, with equal pow'r and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care,
As if her sense, and her's alone,
Could limit bounty like her own;
Seen her in Nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashions, rise;
And when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improve upon herself at last;
Seen her, in short, in ev'ry part,
Discernment, temper, figure, heart,
So perfect, that, 'till Heav'n remove her,
I must admire, court her, love her.

Molly, I speak the thing I mean,
So rare a woman I have seen;
And send this honest glass, that you,
Whene'er you please, may see her too!

Bishop.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

HERE to man's honour, or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race;
In Elwes' form—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd.
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass, that many a diamond bore;
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
And av'rice coupled with benevolence;
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind, and always just;
With powers to reach ambition's highest birth,
He sunk a mortal, grov'ling to the earth;
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf;
Poor to the poor; still poorer to himself.
A foe to none, to many oft a friend;
Callous to give, through readiness to lend.
In each amusement, temperance was his taste,
A virtuous habit from the dread of waste;
To pleasure's joys he virtue's joys deny'd,
Want all his fear, and riches all his pride;
Yet, ev'n that fear, which bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for wealth;
Call'd by her voice—but call'd without expence—
His nobler nature rous'd in her defence;

And in the senate, lab'ring in her cause,
The firmest guardian of her fairest laws
He stood;—and, each instinctive taint above,
To ev'ry bribe preferr'd a people's love.
But still, with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd;
By pen'ry guarded from pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain,
And, adding to the million never try'd,
Lov'd, pity'd, scorn'd, and honour'd—Elwes dy'd.
In this contracted character we see
Wealth lov'd for wealth is study'd misery;
Who with such parching avarice is curst,
Feels of all pangs of penury the worst;
For while the springs of plenty round him rise,
Dreading to taste, he thirsts,—and, thirsting, dies!
Learn from this proof that, in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean;
Discordant qualities together ty'd,
Virtues in him, and vices are ally'd;
The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
We all the mixture of an Elwes share;
Pond'ring his faults then—ne'er his worth disown,
But in *his* nature, recollect *thine own*;
With humble awe thy mingled map survey,
A soul of spirit in a frame of clay;
And think, for life and pardon, where to trust,
Was God not mercy, when his creature's dust.

Annual Register.

SONG.

FAR from the arms of her I love,
By fate too cruel doom'd to sigh,
To desert climes forlorn I rove:
How lighter far the task, to die!
When from my soul's soft treasure torn,
Will Delia think on Colin's name?
In fancy hear the exile mourn,
In fancy see his sorrows stream?

Say, will not fear a pang inspire,
When winds the mountain billows form,
When lightnings flash their forky fire,
And awful thunder swells the storm?
A dread will surely then prevail,
Thy soul a kind compassion move,
When mem'ry tells the tender tale
Of all my woes, and hapless love.

Then will thy fancy paint the swain
Aghast, on life's extremest verge,
Now struggling in the roaring main—
Now dead, and sunk beneath the surge.
Yet let not visions thus alarm
Thy soft and feeling heart with fear;
For thee, Heaven shields my head from harm,
To save such innocence a tear.

A TALE.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow's first a mod'rate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For, when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd,
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *devil* portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
  Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, as she seiz'd her ale,
  She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,
  His hair rose on his pate;
And "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
  "At this enormous rate."

"Oh John," said she, "am I to blame?
  I can't in conscience stop;
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
  To leave the devil a drop."

Bishop.

TOM JONES.

THE beau buys Fielding's works complete,
  Each page with rapture cons,
Sophia's finds in ev'ry street,
  And is himself Tom Jones.

To some gay girl his vows are giv'n,
  And soon he learns to tell,
That, when she smiles, he is in heav'n,
  And, when she frowns, in hell.

Ague or influenza soon
Comes on; he weds a wife;
The warm fit ends with one short moon,
The cold fit lasts for life.

Beattie.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER! when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eye shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disown'd,
Can then, blest thought! no more offend;
And should'st thou deem my crimes aton'd,
O deign my orphan to befriend:—

That orphan, who, with trembling hand
To thee will give my dying pray'r;—
Canst thou my dying pray'r withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see,
But let her look thy love bespeak,—
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caus'd those tears.

And in my pure and artless child
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smil'd,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to mem'ry rise,
And, ah! in vain my orphan mourns:

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret, her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delay'd.

For pardon (most, alas! deny'd
When pardon might have snatch'd from shame)
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,
Had check'd my guilt, and sav'd my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
  Thy hand my humble bed had smooth'd,
Wip'd the chill moisture off my brow,
  And all the wants of sickness sooth'd.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain
  My poverty has still deny'd;
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
  Thy riches had those means supply'd.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
  I'd clos'd my eyes upon thy breast,
Expiring, while thy falt'ring tongue
  Pardon in kindest tones express'd.

O sounds which I must never hear!
  Through years of woe my fond desire!
O mother, spite of all, most dear!
  Must I unblest by thee expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
  And all thy past disdain forget,—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
  That crush'd my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
  Both health and youth were still my own;
O mother! could'st thou see me now,
  Thou would'st not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
  Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine in happier days
  So fondly charm'd thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
  Grief her lov'd parent's pangs to see;
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
  That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
  Bid happiness its bloom restore,
And thus in tend'rest accents speak,
  "Sweet orphan, thou shalt weep no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
  O! am I not by hope beguil'd?
The long, long anger shown to me,
  Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?
  Ah! no;—forbid it gracious heaven!
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
  That she be lov'd, and I forgiven!

Mrs. Opie.

A WISH.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the nameless rill
With liquid murmurs steals along;

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring winds its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O! let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes, obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled lie:
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity!

Dr. Hawksworth.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Written by Mr. Bowden, of Frome, Somersetshire, on accompanying his Son who was to embark on board the Triton.

CALM was the sea, the sky was fair,
And gently blew the prosp'rous gale,
When from an elevated rock
I saw the Triton's flowing sail.

In gallant trim she plough'd the waves,
Whilst high upon the giddy mast
The daring sea-boy nimbly climb'd,
And whistled to the rising blast.

Prostrate upon the ground I fell,
My bosom full of hope and fear,
And, lifting up my hands to heav'n,
I thus pour'd out a parent's pray'r:

Oh! thou great Ruler of the skies,
Thou, who canst save or canst destroy,
From ev'ry harm, by sea and land,
Oh! guard my little Sailor Boy.

When tempests rattle o'er the main,
And even seamen shrink with dread,
May some commission'd cherub shield
And guard his unprotected head.

He was the first born of my sons,
His father's hope, his mother's joy,
Oh! to their fond and anxious arms
Restore their much-lov'd Sailor Boy.

In battle may he win the day,
And ride triumphant o'er the waves,
Fight gallantly in freedom's cause,
But never, never league with slaves.

And when the glorious day is won,
And shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
When high in air the streamers float,
And British flags triumphant fly;

Oh! then, when Neptune's sons exult,
And ev'ry heart beats high with joy,
In safety to his native shore
Bring back my conq'ring Sailor Boy.

VERSES,

Occasioned by the pusillanimous conduct of a Magistrate, in a Riot which happened at Frome, in Somersetshire.

Ye conservators of the public peace,
Who in your country's service pass your days,
Who deal impartial justice here and there,
And make the laws your study and your care,
To you the muse now dedicates her lay,
And states a fact which happen'd t'other day.

A large tumultuous body of the poor
Assembled lately at a tradesman's door,
With honest, but mistaken zeal inspir'd,
Against a scribbling engine they conspir'd,
And, driving ceremony far away,
Through doors and windows forc'd their eager way,
Seiz'd the devoted victim, neck and heels,
And broke the cranks, the cylinders, and wheels,
Dealt such destruction on the poor machine,
That nought but scatter'd fragments could be seen.
In vain mechanic skill, and plaistic art,
With nice construction moulded ev'ry part;
In vain the ingenuity of man
Contriv'd, and to perfection brought the plan;
In vain each finish'd, well adjusted wheel,
Mov'd round its axis with consummate skill;
In vain its nicely fashion'd pow'rs display'd
A source of great advantage to the trade;

In vain, tho' hid from sight its polish'd frame,
The keen-nos'd multitude soon snuff'd the game,
Dragg'd the conceal'd automaton away
To quick destruction, in the face of day,
And shouted o'er the ruins as they lay.
Its organiz'd and well adjusted form
Afforded no protection from the storm,
Nor could assembled clothiers stop the deed,
Or save their favorite in the hour of need.
Yet still they thought, the mischief being o'er,
The people would disperse and meet no more;
But no! the mob had other fish to fry,
And other goodly engines in their eye,
For now they hop'd th' auspicious hour was come
When all machinery would meet its doom.
Impress'd with this idea, who could say
What devastation might have mark'd the day,
Had not some prudent men of influence,
Of reputation, temper, and good sense,
Stepp'd forward to the madd'ning populace,
And, by persuasion, kept the public peace.

'Twas well they did, for not a justice came
To read the riot act, or quench the flame.
One magistrate (a clergyman by trade)
To whom some gentlemen apply'd for aid,
Who liv'd but two miles distant from the place,
Refus'd to grant the citizens redress:
Poor gentleman! no sooner did he hear
The sound of riot, than he quak'd for fear;

And, when the messenger detail'd the news,
Shook like an aspen leaf, and begg'd excuse,
Altho' a carriage waited at his gate
To bear his Worship to the town in state.

Do not our bosoms with resentment glow,
And does not injur'd justice feel the blow?
Of what avail are magistrates like these?
Mere cyphers, not preservers of the peace;
Whose delegated power, when thus abus'd,
Whose high authority, thus basely us'd,
Should, with indignant scorn, be snatch'd away
From those who such important trusts betray.

Strict is the duty of a magistrate,
A duty, which he dares not violate;
The laws enjoin activity and zeal,
And close attention to the public weal.
To fly from danger, howsoever near,
To shrink through favour, or decline through fear,
To say to those who for assistance come,
"Self preservation bids me stay at home!"
In such a violation of your trust,
So pusillanimous, and so unjust,
That no excuse, but illness, should avail
To save your Worship from the county goal.

Away! then, with such useless men of straw,
And give us better guardians of the law;

Men with no terror quiv'ring in their veins,
With no unmanly marrow in their brains;
Men who, amid the tumults of the age,
Dare interfere to calm a people's rage:
Or, if such lenient measures wo'nt avail,
Commit the rioter's at once to goal.

Such men alone should execute the laws,
Who, disregarding censure, or applause,
Are ever active to preserve the peace,
And save the name of Justice from disgrace.

Mr. Bowden.

EPIGRAM.

Tom meets his friend, and strait complains
In very sad and doleful strains:
"Ah, Jack, what must I do?
My sweetheart's wed! the semstress fair;
Eternal grief must be my share!
You smile—but it's too true!

"But nothing mads me more than t' see
Who the man is she's chang'd for me;
A Barber, on my soul!"
"You fool," says Jack, "what makes you mourn?
Pray, whither should the Needle turn
If not unto the Pole?"

British Magazine.

A DESCRIPTION.

To the lily's milk-white glow,
Add the rose bud ere it blow;
To Raphael's touch, and Titian's dye,
Add Corregio's symmetry;

Iv'ry bring from Africk's shore,
Corals thence, where billows roar;
Ebony and shining jet,
All be in the casket met;

In Arabia's land exhale,
Odours from the spicy gale;
Rich perfumes from India bring,
Catch the meadow's sweets in spring;

More the picture to adorn,
Draw the blushes of the morn;
In Aurora's flowing vest,
Lightly be the damsel drest;

Shape and air of Venus show,
Let the graces smiles bestow;
Lastly, to complete the whole,
Give the nymph Minerva's soul;

These, the poets all declare,
Constitute the charming fair;
But, alas! she's only found
In poet's song, and fairy ground.

Lloyd's Evening Post.

THE MOUNTAIN VIOLET.

SWEET fragile flow'r, that bloom'st unsought,
And bloom'st by many an eye unseen,
Thy beauty wakes my pensive thought,
And shews thee worthy of my theme.

Expanding wild, thy rich perfume
Impregnates sweet th' unhallow'd air,
Which reekless on thy virgin bloom,
Sweeps not o'er thee more mild or fair.

Now brighten'd by the morning ray,
Luxuriant spreads thy grateful breast:
Now ev'ning comes, with tyrant sway,
And chills thy little form to rest.

Sweet emblem of the soul-fraught mind,
Expos'd life's keenest storms to bear;
Yet, like thee, tenderly refin'd,
And shrinking from ungenial air.

The ray which gilds with lucid gleam,
  Is inward peace, which none can wrest;
The ev'ning chill which shrouds the beam,
  The sad reflection of the breast.

Like thee, too, from the vulgar eye,
  The chasten'd mind shall live forlorn;
For tho' no kindred soul may sigh,
  In solitude there's none to scorn.

Dear flow'r, be thou my fav'rite sweet,
  I'll rear with care thy lowly head,
Save thy soft breast from guardless feet,
  And court young zephyrs to thy bed.

Yet if perchance, in evil hour,
  Some lawless hand invade thy shrine;
Or nightly blast, with cruel pow'r,
  Sap the short life which might be thine:

Ah! then with sad regret I'll kneel,
  And try thy beauties lost to cheer;
When, vain if all my hopes I feel,
  I'll, dead, embalm thee with a tear.

Nottingham Journal.

TO A FRIEND

Who pressed the author to marry for the sake of a great fortune.

In vain with riches would you try
My stedfast heart to move;
No, I'll give up my liberty
For no less price than love.

Riches, indeed, may give me pow'r,
But not a cheerful mind;
Whilst joy and peace attend each hour
On those whom love has join'd.

But should the itch of pow'r or state,
My views to riches carry,
I'd cringe at court, at senate prate,
Do any thing but marry.

Since, then, not wealth's deceitful shew
Can tempt me to this chain,
Try next, what gen'rous love can do;
All other bribes are vain.

Duke of Dorset.

SONG.

SWAINS, I hate the boist'rous fair,
Who bold, assume a manly air;
Soft, unaffected, gentle be,
Still, the girl that's made for me.

Let her not boast, like man to dare
The dangers of the sylvan war;
With gentler sports delighted be
The girl, that fate ordains for me.

Nor pert coquet, nor formal prude,
Gay let her be, but never rude,
From airs, from flights, from vapours free;
She is the girl that's made for me.

Her well-chose dress, in ev'ry part,
Be artful without shewing art;
From all fantastic fashions free,
She is the girl that's made for me.

Loose flow her locks without constraint,
Her healthy cheeks let nature paint,
To all a goddess seem to be,
And prove a woman still to me.

Ibid.

INSCRIPTION

For a sequestered retreat, called the "Bower of Oberon," in a beautiful pleasure-ground.

ROUND these fair scenes direct your eyes,
Nor let their beauties raise surprize;
The various wonders that ye see
(Be grateful mortals) spring from me;
O'er this enchanted vale I reign,
And here my elfin state maintain:
On me the fairy race depend,
A thousand sprites my nod attend;
Beneath each shining leaf they lie,
Unseen by gross material eye;
With charms each bending branch is bound,
And many a magic spell is round.

Tremble, thou wretch, whose sordid breast
By selfish passions is possess'd!
Whose soul is mean and insincere;
Tremble, nor dare to enter here!
Expos'd thy very thoughts shall lie,
Thy heart be read by ev'ry eye.
But let the gen'rous, brave, and kind,
The soul sincere, the cultur'd mind,
Unaw'd by guilt-pursuing fear,
And, freely welcome, enter here.

For such I scatter sweets around,
And deck this fair enchanted ground;
For such this close retreat I made,
For such I rais'd this magic shade:
Their steps with guardian care I guide,
And turn each danger far aside;
The ev'ning damps I waft away,
And fan with fresh'ning gales the day;
With brighter glow I gild the morn,
I hang the dew drops on the thorn;
The swelling bud I watchful tend,
From worms and chilling blights defend;
I give its tints a livelier bloom,
And bid it breathe more rich perfume;
I polish yon transparent lake,
I dress with roses yonder brake;
The lofty mountain I illume,
And give the dell its solemn gloom;
I make the bubbling fountain spring,
I teach the linnet how to sing.

Come then, ye justly-favour'd few,
These beauteous scenes were form'd for you:
Repose ye in my fairy bowers,
And taste the stream, and press the flowers;
Gay dreams, by liveliest fancy dress'd,
Shall hover round ye while ye rest.
Come then, unaw'd by guilty fear,
And, freely welcome, enter here.

Mrs. Hughes.

JULIA.

A BALLAD.

To the graves where sleepe the deade
Hapless Julia took her waye;
Sighs to heave, and teares to shed,
O'er the spot where Damon laye.
Manye a blooming flow're she bore,
O'er the greene grass turfe to throwe;
And while fast her teares did poure,
Thus she sang to soothe her woe:

"Softe and safe, tho' lowly grave,
Fast o'er thee my teares shall flowe;
Only hope the hapless have,
Only refuge left for woe.
Constant love and grief sincere
Shall thy hallow'd turfe pervade;
And many a heartfelte sigh and teare,
Hapless youthe, shall soothe thy shade.

"Lighted by the moon's pale shine,
See me, to thy mem'ry true,
Lowlye bending at thy shrine,
Many a votive flow're to strewe.
But how little do these flow'res
Prove my love and constancye!
Yet a few sad fleeting houres,
And, deare youthe, I'll follow thee.

"Rose, replete with scent and hue,
Sweetest flow're that nature blowes,
Damon flourish'd once like you;
Nowe o'er him the greene grass grows.
Rose, go deck his hallow'd grave,
Lily, o'er the greene turfe twine;
Honour meete that turfe should have,
Beauty's bed, and virtue's shrine.

"Primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Jasmine sweete, and eglantine,
Nightly here thy sweetes I strewe,
Proud to decke my true love's shrine.
Like you, my Damon bloom'd a daye,
He did die, and so must you—
But such charmes can you displaye,
Half so virtuous, half so true?

"No, sweete flow'rets, no such charmes,
No such virtues can you boaste;
Yet hee's torn from my fond armes,
Yet my faithful love is croste.
But a radiant morne shall rise,
(Loit'ring moments faster flowe,)
When with him I'll tread the skies,
Smile at deathe, and laugh at woe."

Thus she sang, and strew'd the flow're,
Beate her breaste, and wept, and sigh'd;
And, when told the midnight houre,
On the greene turfe grave shee dy'd.
Manye a nightingale forlorne,
Sung her knell, while breezes sigh'd:
Haughty grandeur heard with scorne,
How so poor a mayden dy'd.

Maty's Review.

PETHERTON BRIDGE.*

AN ELEGY.

Inscribed to the Reverend Mr. Bean.

O BEAN! whose fond connubial days
A beauteous infant race attend;
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aönian plains
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:
The muse each joyous thought restrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

* Tradition says, that the catastrophe alluded to in this Elegy, happened about two centuries ago; of which the sculpture was yet to be seen at Petherton Bridge, in Somersetshire.

The wedded pair for children pray;
They come—fair blessings from the skies;
What raptures gild the halcyon day!
What joys in distant prospect rise!

But, ah! enamour'd as they view
The smiling, hopeful, infant train,
Unseen, misfortune marks his due,
Unheard, he threats the heart with pain.

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
The soft, the innocent, and young,
The tender muse had gladly spar'd
The little heroes of her song.

Se'est thou the limpid current glide
Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
Where brambles fringe its verdant side,
And willows tremble o'er the stream?

From Petherton it takes its name,
From whence two smiling infants stray'd:
Led by the stream, they hither came,
And on the flow'ry margin play'd.

Sweet victims! must your short-liv'd day
So soon extinguish in the wave;
And point the setting sun his way,
That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave?

As each, by childish fancy led,
Cropp'd the broad daisies as they sprung;
Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the closing tide:

The other saw; and, from the land,
(While nature imag'd strange distress)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitless signal of redress!

The offer'd pledge without delay
The struggling victim rose and caught;
But, ah! in vain—their fatal way,
They both descended quick as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space;
Convuls'd with pain too sharp to bear,
Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace,
Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews
The sad, the melancholy truth;
What pangs the tortur'd parent knows!
What snares await defenceless youth!

Here, not to sympathy unknown,
Full oft the sad muse wand'ring near,
Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,
And wets it with a willing tear.

Gerrard.

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF SIR LOIN.

As once returning from the chase,
The second Charles, the merry king,
The glories of whose sacred race
The muse shall ever love to sing:

Now wearied with the sport he lov'd,
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
Dejected look'd, and slowly mov'd,
And long'd to rest, and long'd to eat.

Sudden before his wond'ring eyes
A banquet unexpected stood;
The monarch gaz'd with glad surprize,
And 'gan to taste the welcome food.

Proud of his lov'd, his royal guest,
The noble host, a gallant lord,
With various dainties grac'd his feast,
And gay profusion crown'd the board.

But high above the rest appear'd
  The hungry Briton's old relief,
Its mighty bulk exulting rear'd,
  The yet unhonour'd Loin of Beef.

With ravish'd eye the king beheld,
  Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quell'd,
  And griev'd that he could eat no more.

But soon, with mighty spirits gay,
  Such as from Beef alone could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
  Aloud proclaim'd th' enraptur'd king:

" Be thou for ever lov'd, and great,
  As my delight, be thy just fame;
Thy praises ev'ry tongue repeat,
  And *Sir* eternal grace thy name."

He said, and drew the royal sword,
  Th' applauding crowd uprose around,
Sir Loin! with acclamation roar'd,
  And distant echoes catch the sound.

British Magazine.

TO A LADY

Who desired the author to think of her.

PLEAS'D I obey, and in thy face
Recount each beauty, ev'ry grace,
That glads the captive eye;
But most o'er brighter charms I rove,
Which grow with time-inspiring love,
When those shall fade and die.

Yet say, is't not enough, my dear,
To be entrapp'd in Cupid's snare?
But you must triumph too:
Pomona saw Vertumnus bleed;
In the same history we read,
She fell a victim too.

You bid me think of you, alas!
Think you how dull the hours pass,
Confin'd to thought alone;
Far happier would the minutes fly,
In mirthful sweet society,
Which constitutes your own.

Ibid.

ODE ON THE MOON.

O THOU, fair sister of the sun!
Pale empress of the night!
Who, seated on thy silver throne,
Art cloth'd in lambent light!

'Tis thine, bright Cynthia, to dispense
Those laws the floods obey;
The hoary deep, untract immense!
Obedient owns thy sway.

When sinks the day's bright orb to rest,
And bathes in western streams,
Serenely rising up the east,
We hail thy milder beams.

When silent night her deep'ning shades
O'er slumb'ring nature spreads,
Thy gentle ray the gloom pervades,
And peerless glory sheds.

But, O, fair planet! 'midst thy reign
Still night her mists will raise,
A sable dusk that veils the plain,
And mocks thy brightest rays.

Then let my soul aspire to scale
Those lucid realms on high,
Where circling suns unnoted fail,
And where no shades are nigh:

There, one eternal cloudless sun
Divine effulgence beams;
And wide around his central throne
Unborrow'd glory streams.

Lloyd's Evening Post.

THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

The following is not an European fiction, it is a real Madagascar Song, brought from that island by the Chevalier de Porni.

"WHY shriek'st thou, weak girl? why this coward despair?
Thy tears and thy struggles are vain;
Oppose me no more, of my curses beware!
Thy terrors and grief I disdain."

The mother was dragging her daughter away
To the white man, alas! to be sold;
"Oh spare me!" she cry'd, "sure thou would'st not betray
The child of thy bosom for gold?

" The pledge of thy love; I first taught thee to know
A mother's affection and fears,
What crime has deserv'd thou should'st only bestow
Dishonour, and bondage, and tears?

" I tenderly sooth ev'ry sorrow and care;
To ease thee, unweary'd I toil;
The fish of the stream by my wiles I ensnare;
The meads of their flowers despoil;

" From the bleak wint'ry blast I have shelter'd thy head;
Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade;
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft leafy bed;
The mosqueto oft chas'd from the glade.

" Who'll cherish thy age when from thee I am torn?
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine!
Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despairing I mourn
Not my sorrows, or hardships, but thine.

" Then sell me not; save me from anguish and shame!
No child thou hast, mother, but me!
Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear claim;
My bosom most trembles for thee."

In vain she implor'd—wretched maid! she was sold,
To the ship chain'd and frantic convey'd;
Her parent and country ne'er more to behold,
By a merciless mother betray'd.

THE ROSE-BUD.

MARK the sweet rose-bud ere it blows,
While the dawn glimmers o'er the sky,
Observe its silken leaves unfold,
And fond of day's majestic eye!

At noon, more bold, in fullest bloom,
It spreads a gale of sweets around;
At eve it mourns the setting sun,
And sheds its honours on the ground.

So beauty's bashful bud appears,
So blushes in the eye of praise!
So ripens in the noon of life,
And wither'd—so in age decays.

Time is the canker-worm of youth,
It bites the blossom ere it blows;
It blasts the flow'r that blooms at full,
And rudely sheds the falling rose!

See, beauty, see! how love and joy,
On youth's light pinions haste away!
How swift the moments glide along,
And age advances with decay!

Now, beauty! crop the rose-bud now!
And catch the essence as it flies;
Let pleasure revel in its bloom,
Let time possess it when it dies!

Westminster Magazine.

CONTENT.

I do not know a cheerless hour,
A cheerless hour I will not know;
Where fate directs her weightiest pow'r,
Good humour shall avert the blow.

"My mind a kingdom is to me;"
Sovereign of that, I rule alone;
Though arbitrary, yet I'm free,
Nor seek nor wish another throne.

Let statesmen, with ambitious schemes,
Search for that bliss which none can find;
I envy not their idle dreams,
Blest with serenity of mind;

For ne'er had yet ambition's son,
One sober hour of solid joy;
His fluttering course when he has run,
Possession only serves to cloy:

While the sweet maid that I address,
Ne'er turns away a deafen'd ear;
Each day her charms I can possess,
Each day more lovely, and more dear.

To her my life I will devote,
With her shall ev'ry hour be spent;
Credit, ye swains, what I have wrote,
For know, the virgin's nam'd CONTENT.

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF A BULLFINCH.

SINCE fate has stopp'd the warbler's song,
Which us'd to charm your ear,
Heed not, my fair, the vulgar throng,
Nor blush to shed a tear.

'Tis man alone, with impious pride,
Disdains the tender thought;
Whose breast to haughtiness ally'd,
By nature ne'er was taught.

Not his the care at early morn
To store with food the cage;
Such trivial acts he views with scorn,
Him loftier deeds engage.

He only joys to urge the chase,
To course the well-train'd steed,
To wound from far the pheasant's race,
Or bid the partridge bleed.

In vain (for him) to winter's gloom
Succeeds the purple spring;
In vain each bush begins to bloom,
And ev'ry bird to sing.

The blackbird, warbling to the throng,
Oft finds the leaden death;
And oft, amidst his tuneful song,
The thrush resigns his breath.

But you, my fair one, better know
The songster's worth to prize,
For him who charm'd your ears, shall flow
The tribute of your eyes.

When you the wanton's acts recite,
While fast your sorrows stream,
The muse, whom nature's charms delight,
Shall join the plaintive theme.

Westminster Magazine.

SONG.

O, BARRA vale, gay joy was mine
When first thy rural shades I knew;
I deem'd my native fields divine,
Till joy and hope together flew:
Ah! then while love the heart invades,
Before the eye all beauty fades;
So faded now, I bid farewell
To early bliss, and Barra vale.

O, Barra vale, beneath thy shades
I fondly sported, while a boy;
Thy flow'ry wilds, and balmy glades,
The smiling scenes of harmless joy:
Now destin'd from their charms to rove,
Dear haunts of innocence and love;
With deep regret I bid farewell
To early bliss, and Barra vale.

O, Barra vale, when torn away
From ev'ry scene to pleasure dear;
And doom'd in distant climes to stray,
Chaste fancy still will linger here:
The lovely seats of youth to view,
The hope of banish'd joys renew;
On ev'ry tender thought to dwell,
Of early bliss, and Barra vale.

COLIN.

How long shall hapless Colin mourn
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whose only crime is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die?
Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear,
Thy beauties, O divinely bright!
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I taste whole ages of delight.

Yet, tho' I lov'd thee more than life;
Not to displease a cruel maid,
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And sigh'd amid the distant shade.
What happier shepherd wins thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales,
And fleecy flocks, are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales do rove,
With wealth I court not Delia's heart,
A nobler bribe I offer,—Love!
Yet, should the virgin yield her hand,
And thoughtless wed for wealth alone,
The act may make my bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless her own.

Peter Pindar.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Noise, nonsense, and the town, adieu,
Where fancy racks the lover's mind;
Who seldom draws the picture true,
But shows the willing fair unkind.

Shall Damon for a moment's joy,
His freedom, and his all, enslave?
Woman shall ne'er those gifts destroy,
Which bounteous nature frankly gave.

Come, reason, all thy beauties show,
Teach me what's lovely, fair, and just;
Crop Cupid's pinions, snap his bow,
And leave him flutt'ring in the dust.

But lo! my matchless fair draws nigh,
In beauty's artless form array'd;
Now, reason, cast thy strictest eye,
Thou'lt ne'er my faultless flame upbraid.

If sprightly sense, with sweetness join'd,
A face serene, an air divine;
Can strike the eye, or charm the mind,
Those graces, Cælia, all are thine.

British Magazine.

ODE TO HEALTH.

THE Lesbian lute no more can charm,
Nor once my panting bosom warm,
No more I breathe the tender sigh;
Nor, when my beauteous swain appears,
With down-cast looks and starting tears,
Confess the lustre of his eye.

With freedom blest, at early dawn
I wander o'er the wood and lawn,
And hail the sweet returning Spring;
The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,
To raise my vernal lays conspire,
While peace and health their treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divinest maid!
And lead me thro' the rural shade,
To thee the rural shades belong;
'Tis thine to bless the simple swain,
And, while he tries the tuneful strain,
To raise the raptur'd poet's song.

Behold the patient village hind!
No cares disturb his tranquil mind;
By thee and sweet contentment blest;
All day he turns the stubborn plain,
And meets at eve his infant train,
While guiltless pleasures fill his breast.

O! ever good and bounteous! still
By fountain fresh, or murm'ring rill,
Let me thy blissful pleasures find!
Thee, goddess, thee my steps pursue,
When, careless of the morning dew,
I leave the less'ning vales behind.

EPISTLE

From the Hon. Charles Fox, partridge shooting, to the Hon. John Townshend, cruising.

WHILE you, dear Townshend, o'er the billows ride,
Mulgrave in front, and Hanger by thy side,
Me it delights the woods and wilds to court,
For rustic feats and unambitious sport.—

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,
When the last ling'ring clubs to bed retire,
I rise!—how should I then thy feelings shock,
Unshav'd, unpowder'd, in my shooting frock!
What frock? thou criest—I'll tell thee—my old brown;
Trimm'd to a jacket, with the skirts cut down—
Thou laugh'st;—I know thou dost;—but check that sneer;
What tho' no fashion'd sportsman I appear,
Yet hence thy Charles's voice gains shriller force;
Ah! Jack, if Dunning shot, he'd not be hoarse.

Nor deem, ev'n here, the cares of state forgot,
I wad with gazettes ev'ry second shot:
Almon's bold sheets the intervals supply:
And still, methinks, his charges farthest fly.
Oft too, when all around my pointers stray,
With patriot names I cheer them on their way:
No servile ministerial runners they!
Not Ranger, then, but Washington, I cry;
Hey on! Paul Jones, re-echoes to the sky;
Toho! old Franklin—Silas Deane, take heed!—
Cheer'd with the sound, o'er hills and dales they speed:
'Till one, to whose quick sense and practic'd skill,
His active followers yield a hasty will.
Touch'd by the scent the passing gales convey,
With startled vigilance presumes the prey:
The rest a disciplin'd subservience keep;
Dash where he runs, and as he crouches, creep:
At length the hostile league one point avow;
Now places, places! order, order, now!
"Bunb'ry, let me (I cry) for party's sake,
Teach thee where best to aim—what ground to take."
And see, a young bird rises, weak and slow;
"At him, Sir Charles"—he fires and lays him low—
Scar'd at the sound, up the full covey springs;
Richard at random fires, and only wings;
Not so thy Charles; intent with half-clos'd sight,
Cautious I watch their vet'ran leader's flight:
At him I aim, the covey's head and guide;
I fire—but ah!—too plainly, on one side:

Again I try, like *rising to explain*,
A double barrel's force, but try in vain;
Against myself the heated tube recoils,
Nor gains one feather to requite my toils.

But if too soon the startled covey rise,
And move a previous question in the skies,
My faithful groom quick marks them as they spring,
And counts their noses, undeceiv'd as Byng;
Whether in close array and nemine con,
To their old beaten ground the covey's gone;
Or, scatt'ring wild, in petty parties fall,
Some to *pair off*, and some to wait *a call*.

Thus, from each kindred image, fancy draws
The latent emblem of a nobler cause.
If chance a stray lone bird my course invites,
I think of Meredith, and proselytes:
Mean mangled game not for itself I prize;
Vengeance and Palliser, to mem'ry rise.—
Some senatorial type ev'n pointers yield;
One loves too narrow, one too wide a field;
This creeps too low, that springs above his work,
As Hartley slow, or uncontrol'd as Burke.
With rav'nous ardour some devour the prey;
O, gentle Sawbridge, lash such fiends away!
Others, with puzzling zeal, small objects mark;
Judicious Luttrell, bid them ware a lark!

But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,
With sprucæ cockade heroically smart,
Come, and once more together let us greet
The long lost pleasures of St. James's street.
Enough o'er stubble have I deign'd to tread;
Too long wert thou at anchor—at Spithead.

Come, happy friend—to hail thy wish'd return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardours flash from beauty's eyes.
Methinks I see thee now resume thy stand,
Pride of Fop alley, tho' a little tann'd:
What tender joy the gazing nymphs disclose!
How pine with envy the neglected beaus!
While many a feeble frown and struggling smile,
Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil,
And seem, with reprehensive love, to say,
"Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore didst thou stray?
What fatal havock might one shot have made,
If not thy life, thy leg the forfeit paid!
That shot thy foretop might have made its prey,
Or sing'd one dear devoted curl away:
Or lopp'd that hand, the pride of love and lace;
Or scarr'd, with bolder sacrilege, thy face."

Soon as to Brooks's then thy footsteps bend,
With gratulations thy approach attend!

See Gibbon rap his box; auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine;
See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprize,
And friendship give what cruel health denies.
Important Townshend, what can thee withstand?
The ling'ring black-ball lags in Boothby's hand;
Ev'n Drapier checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the die.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due,
That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you.
Sallads that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste:
Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,
And, know, I've bought the best champaigne from Brooks;
From lib'ral Brooks, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill;
Who, nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid!

On that auspicious night, supremely grac'd
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste,
Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,
Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours, far happier themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams.
Each beauty that sublimity can boast,
He best shall tell, who still unites them most.

Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate,
If Sheridan, for once, is not too late;
But scarce a thought to ministers we'll spare,
Unless on Polish politics with Hare:
Good-natur'd Devon! oft shall then appear
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer:
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
And Burgoyne's manly sense, unite to please.
And while each guest attends our vary'd feats
Of scatter'd covies, and retreating fleets,
Me shall they wish some better sport to gain,
And thee more glory—from the next campaign.

Westminster Magazine.

Inveni portum. Spes et fortuna valete:
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.

Le Sage.

IMITATED.

In this retreat my heart shall rest,
To flatt'ring hope and fame farewell;
(In your embraces once how bless'd)
Charm others with your syren spell.

C. S.

SONG.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
And first her shafts let fly;
She fill'd my breast with vague desires,—
I thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth,—
I thought it was her lip.

But when she danc'd! such air, such grace,
What mortal could escape?
I look'd no longer on her face,—
I swore it was her shape.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
The purity within;
Her snowy arm—her iv'ry neck,—
'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
My bosom did enthral:—
'Twas sense I found, the happy grace
That gave a charm to all.

 Dr. Hoadley.

AN ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

Now twilight from the low-brow'd rock descends,
  Dusk and more dusk the deep'ning shadows fall;
And now the toil of swain and ploughman ends,
  And now the milk-maid flies the ivy'd wall.

Far have I gone, and far have yet to go,
  Nor at the lengthen'd way do I repine,
If you, fair folding star, your circlet shew,
  If you to light my darkling footsteps shine.

The glow-worm trails his spangles on the thorn,
  The devious bat now flits on plumeless wing;
Against my face the heedless chafer's borne,
  And hark! I hear the distant curfew ring.

Long have I mourn'd my too, too dismal fate,
  Long watch'd the moment Care would me reprieve;
Fate smil'd at last, Care set me free, tho' late,
  Then trim thy golden lamp, sweet eye of eve.

Now at his homely mess the peasant smiles,
  Smiling his wife and offspring sit around,
And now with tale and song the night beguiles;
  Now, yawning, sinks to sleep, now sleeps profound.

In vain faint hunger calls for new supplies,
I'll triumph o'er faint hunger's irksome call;
And sleep in vain attempts to seal my eyes,
If you, dear orb, illume night's sable pall.

Now nature seems as curtain'd from my sight,
Now Negro-darkness mounts her ebon wain;
The tomb now renders up the sheeted spright,
Around dread horrors and sad silence reign.

Conscience my guard, each evil I defy,
For no bad act I crave thy beamy aid;
The star of Love thou art, his slave am I,
Guide, then, a wand'ring lover to his maid.

Westminster Magazine.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADVICE.

COME learn of me, my rural friends!
Who would the sweets of life enjoy;
Come, see, where mirth and virtue blends,
And social cares the hours employ.
Come, see around my cheerful fire,
Domestic blessings on me wait;
Whate'er 'tis virtuous to desire,
Here dwells within my peaceful gate.

1850 A

We know no charms in folly's train;
  We feel no pains from envy's dart;
The guilty pleasures of the vain
  No wish excite—no joys impart.
Secure within ourselves, we find
  Felicity they cannot bring:
The treasure of the virtuous mind,
  The golden age which poets sing.

Nor here are social joys forgot;
  Some swain, whose heart with freedom glows,
Shares the free comforts of our cot;
  The peaceful scene still brighter grows.
Now guiltless mirth our breasts inspire,
  O'er many a past delight we rove;
Whilst Lucy wakes the rural lyre,
  And tunes its softest notes to love.

Enjoy with me this heart-felt ease,
  Leave envy, folly, noise, and strife;
Comforts unmix'd enjoy—like these—
  That sooth the rugged path of life.
Like me, be happy, blithe, and gay,
  Nor my rich homely joys despise:
" But ere youth's season glides away,
  The Shepherd's transports learn to prize."

Myrtle and Vine.

THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

THO' on my birth Euterpe smil'd,
And science fann'd the latent fire,
I heeded not, ungracious child,
To mingle with the Thespian choir.

For oh! with Sloth, enfeebling fair,
I loiter'd in the magic bow'r,
Where, all devoid of virtuous care,
I listless doz'd the vernal hour.

Tho' younger Bion snatch'd the bays,
And all the muses hymn'd his name,
Sloth stifled Emulation's blaze,
Sloth bade me smile at deathless fame.

Yet oft when Homer's work was read,
I started from my trance supine,
Fierce, broke the spells around me spread,
Swift, mounted to the sacred nine.

But soon, too soon her arts prevail'd,
A magic languor on me hung;
Tho' seeming strong, my pinions fail'd,
The transports falter'd on my tongue.

Grey morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
With cloudless lustre Titan shone;
The silver moon adorn'd the night,
Sweet Philomela trill'd her moan.

In vain grey morn unbarr'd the light,
And Titan shone with cloudless ray;
The moon and music cheer'd the night,
On Inattention's lap I lay.

At last a form came tripping by,
More fair than fancy's tropes can tell;
I sprang alert, my pulse beat high,
On fire, I swept th' Aeolian shell.

My sweep the dulcet shell obey'd,
The numbers inspiration rais'd,
A fond attention hush'd the glade,
While I Nerœa's beauty prais'd.

Smiling, she listen'd to the song,
Then whisper'd, if her heart I'd gain,
That I must soar above the throng
By deeds, and Honour's palm obtain.

As when a snake benumb'd with cold
Is plac'd before Compassion's fire,
Heat circles thro' each thawing fold,
New vigour swells each bright'ning spire:

I burnish'd up the warrior-shield,
Impatient, shook the warrior-spear,
Fierce, rush'd into the bloody field,
Stern, bade adieu to Sloth and Fear.

Encyclopædia of Wit.

A QUACK DOCTOR'S NOTE CHANGED.

WHEN Doctor Lotion first began
To practice on the frame of man,
He bore but humble sway;
Each morn his hospitable door
Was open'd gratis to the poor,
'Twas then, "No cure no pay."

At length, with cane, and pond'rous wig,
The doctor struts a perfect prig,
In eminence secure;
The former system quite derang'd,
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd,
'Tis now, "No pay no cure."

Ibid.

THE RESOLUTION.

WHEN faithless Clara was my theme,
I pluck'd the vi'let and the rose,
And fondly raptur'd with the dream,
Sought ev'ry flow'r that sweetly blows;
And as I deck'd her breast and hair,
They breath'd new fragrance from the fair.

When I her mind or person prais'd,
To bow'rs of bliss beyond the skies
The god of love my genius rais'd,
Where beauties more than earthly rise,
With those her beauties to compare,
The fairest she among the fair.

Vi'lets and roses cease to blow,
Each flow'r of fragrance droops its head;
The nymph, forgetful of her vow,
Is from her love, from honour fled:
No longer deck'd her breast and hair,
For she is false as she is fair.

To bow'rs of bliss beyond the skies,
The god of love no more shall raise,
Where beauties more than earthly rise,
My genius to exalt her praise;
No more with angels shall compare
The nymph as false as she is fair.

Encyclopædia of Wit.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

By the side of a mountain, o'ershadow'd with trees,
With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove,
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease,
The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love.
Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing;
And at night when the dance in the village is o'er,
On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching beam,
While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing sound,
When the herds quit their pastures to quaff the clear stream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around;
I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
I regret not the splendor of riches and pride;
The delights of retirement are dearer to me
Than the proudest appendage to greatness ally'd.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
My cheek glows with health like the wild rose in bloom;
I dance, yet forget not, tho' blithsome and gay,
That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb;
Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's scene,
On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,
And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

Myrtle and Vine.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL DE BERNIS.

FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair rose,
On whose soft leaves fond zephyrs play,
Oh! queen of flow'rs, thy buds disclose,
And give thy fragrance to the day;
Unveil thy transient charms—ah, no!
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the same hour that bids thee blow
Shall see thee droop thy languid head.

But go! and, on Themira's breast
Find, happy flow'r, thy throne and tomb,
While, jealous of a fate so blest,
How shall I envy thee thy doom!
Should some rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn,
Ah! punish those who rashly dare,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

Love shall himself thy boughs compose,
And bid thy wanton leaves divide;
He'll shew thee how, my lovely rose,
To deck her bosom, not to hide:
And thou shalt tell the cruel maid
How frail are youth and beauty's charms,
And teach her, ere her own shall fade,
To give them to her lover's arms.

Charlotte Smith.

THE DYING KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think you playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flow'ry mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem'd all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me, how, with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless æra flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more:
And soon eras'd from ev'ry grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more these bow'rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
Her bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join my tend'rest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

Shenstone.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Let town-bred belles, elate with pride,
Our humble rustic joys despise,
We in our turn can theirs deride,
And, artless, simpler pleasures prize.

What tho' to op'ra, ball, and play,
A stranger is the cottage maid,
She, at the close of parting day,
Trips lightly o'er the dewy glade.

Be it theirs, with vain insiduous grace,
To bid each feature move by rule,
With borrow'd charms to deck the face,
Or point the shafts of ridicule.

Be it ours to breathe the healthful gale,
And at Aurora's summons rise,
To bear the milk-pail through the dale,
And feel the glow of exercise.

Be it theirs to spread the wily snare,
And play a light coquetish part;
The cottage maid knows no such care,
To gain the rustic's honest heart.

Love flies the town on silken wing,
He sickens at their gay parade;
With virtue blooms perpetual spring,
And smiles upon the cottage maid.

Myrtle and Vine.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

WAFT me, oh! waft me to the shade,
By close embow'ring branches made!
Beneath yon gently rising hills
Where purling brooks, and tinkling rills,
In soft harmonious cadence play,
And sweetly murmur all the day!

Oh! let me there for ever dwell,
In the green grot, or mossy cell!
And, free from hurry, care, and strife,
Enjoy a lonely peaceful life;
There, hermit like, with pious care,
Find out my God, for God is there!

In thoughtful mood there let me learn
The vanity of life to mourn;
Lament the dire effects of fate,
And dreadful downfalls of the great;
See pyramids and turrets high
In piles of mighty ruins lie;

And mark how tombs of trophy'd kings
Time into dark oblivion flings.
Oh! happy Solitude! in thee,
At length, my greatest good I see;
Nor would I leave thy homely cell,
For domes where scepter'd monarchs dwell;
Thou spotless pleasures canst supply,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die.

British Chronicle.

THE CAVE.

The wind is up, the field is bare;
Some hermit lead me to his cell
Where Contemplation, lovely fair,
With bless'd Content delights to dwell.

Behold it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey cloak'd herd drives on the cow;
The slow-pac'd fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

High o'er the ruin of an oak
The woodman lifts his axe on high,
The hills re-echo to the stroke:
I see, I see the shivers fly.

Some rural maid with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoking columns roll,
And through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Their panting dogs beside repose;
A bleeding deer is stretch'd by these.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, ivy crown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls,
Two tow'ring eagles hover nigh,
At intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

Two sturdy hinds the pinnace guide
With lab'ring oars along the flood;
An angler bending o'er the tide,
Holds from the boat th' insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank two lovers lean,
Bend on each other's am'rous looks,
And seem to chat and smile between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the grey mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murm'ring forests shake,
Rain beats—resound a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking o'er the plain;
When storms are past—and fair the sky,
I'll often seek the Cave again.

Universal Magazine.

EPITAPH.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Ev'n griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst passion's threatful blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eyes the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Now read, unmov'd, my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

Universal Magazine.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

When first the nuptial state we prove,
We live the happy life of love;
But when familiar, charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before;
Each less delighting, less is lov'd,
First this, then that, is disapprov'd;
Complaisance flies, neglect succeeds,
Neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
The joys to love, and be belov'd,
At length fell out for trifling things,
From trifles anger mostly springs,
The wish to please forsook each breast,
Love's throne by baseless rage possess'd;
Resolv'd to part, they meet no more:
Enough—the chariot's at the door.
The mansion was my lady's own;
Sir John resolv'd to live in town;
Writings were drawn, each cause agreed,
Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed.
The chariot waits, why this delay?
The sequel shall the cause display.
One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
The father's, mother's, darling she,
Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee.

Sir John, when rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
" Come, Betsy, bid mamma good bye."
The lady, trembling, answer'd " No—
Go, kiss papa, my Betsy, go;
The child shall live with me," she cry'd,
" The child shall chuse," Sir John reply'd.
Poor Betsy look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
" Will you not live with me, my dear?"
" Yes," half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
" Come, Betsy," cry'd Sir John, " you'll go
And live with dear papa, I know."
" Yes," Betsy cry'd—the lady then
Address'd the wond'ring child again:
" The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more:
Chuse then"—here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.
The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd papa displeas'd, unkind;
And try'd, with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft relenting will.
" Do," cry'd the lisper, " papa! do
Love dear mamma!—mamma loves you!"
Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd;

The tender transport forc'd its way,
They both confess'd each other's sway,
And, prompted by the social smart,
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart;
Each clasp'd their Betsy o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the door.
You, that have passions for a tear,
Give nature vent, and drop it here.

Dodsley's Collection.

LUXURY AND WANT.

A VISION.

As late I mus'd on fortune's ebb and flow,
Life's airy pleasures, and substantial woe,
The thoughtless mirth that laughs in Pleasure's eye,
The boast of vice, and pride of vanity,
O'er nodding reason downy slumbers stole,
And fancy's visions open'd on my soul.

Aloft, on proud Ionic columns rear'd,
A sumptuous dome in ruin'd pomp appear'd;
A baseless pillar here, with moss o'ergrown,
Press'd earth's green bosom with a length of stone;
There, a tall portal, sculptur'd once so gay,
Records no story but its own decay.

I enter'd—crowds, who blush'd to be descry'd,
With famish'd looks, thro' mould'ring arches glide.
I paus'd, and curious as I gaz'd around,
Saw a lean hag lie stretch'd along the ground:
Round either arm a tatter'd rug she drew,
Her shame conceal'd with rags of various hue;
A cloth her forehead bound, her legs were bare,
And foul and clotted was her grizzled hair.
"Whence, and what art thou, wretch," surpriz'd I cry'd;
"Want is my name, well known," the wretch reply'd;
"The work of Luxury, this lofty dome,
So righteous Jove ordains, is now my home.
Time was this roof return'd the dulcet voice
Of music, blended with a critic's choice;
Dependent thence a thousand tapers glow'd,
The vine's rich juice from silver fountains flow'd;
An hundred dainties o'er the board were spread,
And all Arabia's spicy fragrance shed.
The velvet couches, and the cushion'd chair,
Swell'd high with down, as soft as Summer's air;
And female beauty, smiling o'er the scene,
Spread joy around, of ev'ry joy the queen!

"Then at these doors, by hunger and by grief
Oppress'd, with suppliant voice I sought relief:
Relief I sought, alas! but sought in vain,
With poignant taunt rebuk'd, and sour disdain.
The batt'ning priest, with supercilious face,
Inferr'd from indigence the want of grace.

The lawyer, in quaint terms, with look demure,
Gave hints of statutes against vagrant poor.
Unmov'd, and cool, the garter'd statesman cry'd,
For *me* fit refuge colonies supply'd.
I sigh'd in secret, and to Heav'n my heart
Ascending, Heav'n in pity took my part:
Loud thunder roll'd—the fabric from its base
Shook, and proud Lux'ry vanish'd from the place.
Th' astonish'd crowd their patron's fall deplore,
And pale and trembling issue from the door.
I enter'd, prompted by a voice divine,
Which thrice repeated "Want! this pile is thine;
For know, by Jove and Fate it stands decreed,
Where Lux'ry riots thou shalt still succeed."
Here unmolested from that hour I reign,
And all the court of Lux'ry forms my train;
Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n
By keen necessity, the scourge of heav'n;
These are the wretches which around me throng,
To me the lawyer, statesman, priest, belong."
She ceas'd; her words such strong emotions bred,
They wak'd me trembling, and the vision fled.
Save me from Lux'ry, gracious heav'n! I pray'd,
That Want's drear haunts my steps may ne'er invade.

British Chronicle.

THE HAPPY MAN.

By day no rankling cares assail
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night my slumbers never fail
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the sun with orient beams
Gilds the fair chambers of the morn,
Musing, I trace the winding streams
That part the lawn.

Around me nature fills the scene
With boundless plenty and delight,
And touch'd with joy sincere, serene,
I bless the sight.

I bless the kind creating pow'r,
Exerted thus for frail mankind;
At whose command descends the show'r,
And blows the wind.

Happy the man, who, thus at ease,
Content with that which nature gives;
Him guilty terrors never seize,
He truly lives.

British Chronicle.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

O Phœbus, down the western sky,
Far hence, diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day;

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads,
Where the green bow'r with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove,
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

British Chronicle.

THE HAPPY FIRE SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea,
Ranger was in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state
A fav'rite dog was laid,
By which a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd,
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fullness of her bliss.

Ranger, with honest heart elate,
Pray'd to almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate
Just so to live and love.

"Be this eternity," he cry'd,
"And let no more be giv'n;
Continue thus my fire-side,
I ask no more of Heav'n."

Ibid.

TRANSLATION

OF FLAMINIUS'S HYMN TO AURORA.

See fair Aurora, with her winged steeds,
From the glad regions of the east returns;
The op'ning dawn her radiant car succeeds,
Flushes her cheek, and in her bosom burns.

Hence, gloomy darkness, nor presume to stay,
Back to the mansion of thy native hell,
Whence horrid visions take their destin'd way,
Dire ghosts appear, and quiv'ring phantoms yell.

Bring then my votive harp, and o'er the plain
  Sprinkle the vernal wreaths with plenteous hand:
To thee, O goddess, shall the gift pertain,
  Who pour'st thy lustre o'er the cheerful land.

With odorif'rous garlands thee I hail,
  Where gaudy Flora boasts her thousand dyes;
And, swiftly wafted by the balmy gale,
  To thy mild shrine the pure lustrations rise.

O may these praises reach thy gentle ear!
  For thee the muse begins her pious song;
The sacred Gods she taught me to revere,
  To whom the hymns of gratitude belong.

But who, O parent of the splendid day,
  Can paint thy glories in as bright a strain?
What heav'n-taught numbers can thy form display,
  O fairest of the fair etherial train?

When in the palace of great Jove are seen
  Thy downy cheeks, where blended roses grow,
Thou shin'st in artless majesty a queen,
  Loose to the winds thy golden tresses flow.

The twinkling stars at thy appearance shroud
  Their vanish'd orbs, amid excess of light,
Pale Luna flies, like a retreating cloud,
  Shrinks at thy presence, and avoids thy sight.

Still had mankind, without thy plaistic aid,
Lain in th' abyss in shapeless chaos lost,
Things by no various colour been portray'd,
And every art, and every science lost.

By thee dull slumbers from our heavy eyes
(The very images of death) recede;
All at thy lov'd approach industrious rise,
To seek by healthful toil their promis'd meed.

Soon quits the traveller his short repose,
Beneath the yoke again the heifers bend,
To his known wood the peaceful shepherd goes,
And on his steps his wonted flock attend.

Torn from th' embraces of his tender maid,
The weeping lover now forsakes her arms;
To go, unwilling; yet to stay, afraid;
Contemns thy pow'r which drives him from her charms.

Let him in darkness' treach'rous shades delight,
O may thy blushing radiance still be mine!
Grant me, O goddess, to behold thy light
For many a rolling year unclouded shine.

British Chronicle.

FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN IN 1547.

If right be ract, and overronne,
And pow'r take part with open wronge,
If fear by force do yeld too sone,
The lack is like to last too long.

If God for goodes shall be implac'd,
If right for riches lose hys shape,
If world for wisdom be embrac'd,
The gesse is great, and hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mynde,
There is no riches may be found.

I heard a herdman once compare
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo mery dayes to spare
Than he which ought the beast he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the fawlcon fly,
I rowe not so far past my reach.

But as my part above the rest,
I well to wish, and well to will,
So tyll my breathe shall fayle my brest,
I will not cease to wish you still.

British Chronicle.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. BOSCAWEN,

A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE NAVY,

Son of the late Admiral, who was unfortunately drowned as he was bathing in a pond belonging to Sir Charles Pricc, of Jamaica.

WRITTEN NEAR HIS GRAVE.

FORLORN, from shade to shade I rove,
By friendship's sacred spirit led,
Where horror wraps the twilight grove,
That glooming seems to mourn the dead.

Dear youth! tho' hence I wander far,
Thy fate will cloud each rising morn;
And lo! with ev'nings dewy star,
My tears shall bathe thy distant urn.

Remembrance often, with a sigh,
Shall view the spot where many a maid,
And many a swain, with swimming eye,
The tender rite of sorrow paid.

Remembrance often shall impart
The smile of bliss on Albion's brow,
When kindling in thy youthful heart
She saw the beam of valour glow.

Yes, Albion's genius, with amaze,
Did oft thy warrior looks devour;
Proud to behold thy youthful gaze,
High fix'd on Glory's star-clad tower.

How few the sighs of virtue mourn!
For few, alas! the friends she knows—
Yet here she moves a pilgrim lorn,
To bid her son in peace repose.

With sculpture let the marble groan,
Where flatt'ry mocks the lifeless ear—
How nobler far thy nameless stone,
Embalm'd by pity's simple tear.

Peter Pindar.

EPIGRAM.

WHY, foolish painter, give those wings to Love!
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove;
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see,
If he *can* fly—Oh! bid him fly from me.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FAIRY GROUND.

COME, trip it through the fairy ground,
Here Oberon his revels keeps,
His palace 'neath yon wild-rose stands;
Tread soft, for now the monarch sleeps;

Until, faint gleaming through the trees,
The moon beams tremble on the stream;
Then loud he winds his agate horn,
And little footsteps print the green.

Stately ambition, come not here,
Thy haughty steps these flowers will wound;
Unfeeling avarice, turn aside,
No buried earth can here be found.

The liberal mind alone shall ken
The beauties of yon crystal wave,
Th' untainted heart alone shall find
Sweet slumbers in yon moss-grown cave.

Literary Magazine.

VERSES.

'Tis said that under distant skies,
(Nor you the fact deny,)
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Or some rich fragrant flow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sov'reign pow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

Vain futile idols, bird, or flow'r,
To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!
How would his humble homage tow'r,
Should he behold my fair?

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range!
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

Shenstone.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

TRAVERSE the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go far as winds can blow, or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through diff'rent paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
See there a galley-slave to mis'ry sold!
Ambition's vot'ries groan beneath its weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state.
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poison's flow,
Love's softest pleasures terminate in woe;
E'en learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling on makes nothing clearly out:
Where then is sovereign bliss? where doth it grow?
Know, mortal! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards Heav'n, be Heav'n thy only care;
Spurn the vile earth—go seek thy treasure there;
A virtuous course, and Heav'n alone, you'll find
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind!

Universal Magazine.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
  The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
  And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
  Acting by other's actions;
Not lov'd, unless they give,
  Not strong, but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  Who rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how it blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles,
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness:
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention:
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them still the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith 'tis fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER.

The chill storm blows, and never to return,
In sighing gales swift flies the parting year,
Hanging her yellow wreath on Autumn's urn,
Now drear December drops her sullen tear.

No bird of twilight (as in Summer's bloom)
With her soft song now cheers the lone-wood's shade,
(How oft, sweet Robin, at eve's growing gloom,
I've listen'd to thy soothing serenade.)

No leafy chesnut's dark majestic bough,
Shades the green surface of the daisied lawn;
Or o'er the happy valley hanging low,
From day's meridian screens the panting fawn.

No smiling harvest waves its golden ears,
  Bending beneath soft zephyr's gentle gale;
No blooming April sheds her short-liv'd tears,
  Sure earnest of a charming May-blown vale.

Dire contrast—now quick down the rocky steep,
  From crag to crag the melted snow-storm pours;
And rushing onwards with destructive sweep,
  Rolls in wild torrents to the river's shores.

Driving the lucid dew from off the thorn,
  In hollow whistlings raves the bleak north-east;
And riding on the wet wing of the morn,
  To its lone shelter drives the shiv'ring beast.

Again it roars—all nature hears the crash;
  The peasant trembles in his propp'd abode,
And fears the loosen'd snow with thund'ring dash,
  May sink his cot beneath the whelming load.

In this cold dismal scene of wintry woe,
  Where can the soul of feeling wish to stray?
Where do the genial streams of pleasure flow,
  To tempt a traveller through the cheerless way?

Yes, bliss is mine—my lovely Stella's charms
  Lures my fond footsteps to her cottage door;
The dear idea all my bosom warms,
  I think of her, and Winter reigns no more.

O, dearest maid! thy goodness, and thy truth,
Decks the drear prospect with the bloom of May;
The ardent soul of thy adoring youth,
Recalls the twitt'ring bird on ev'ry spray.

O may thy heart allow my image room;
Throw frozen Winter from its sweet recess;
May flow'rs of love in that dear bosom bloom,
And everlasting Spring thy faithful swain will bless.

Gardner.

EPIGRAM.

A HAMPER I receiv'd of wine,
As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted—
And Dick may be suppos'd to know,
For he contriv'd his matters so
As every day with me to dine,
Much longer than the liquor lasted:
If such are presents—while I live
Oh! let me not receive—but give.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Upon her Birth-day.

Sweet modesty, the maid's defence,
That e'er the chastest awe inspires,
And like the far-fam'd plant of sense,
Within its shrinking self retires.

Meek Innocence, a simple maid,
Whom morning woos adown the dale,
As all in snow-white stole array'd,
She culls the lily of the vale.

Pity, a nun, who once her beads
Counted, where bloom'd her hopes awhile,
With willow wreath, and mourner's weeds,
With pilgrim tear, and angel smile.

Young Health! with gaudy cheek of bloom,
That sports upon the village lawn,
That early treads the heath of broom,
To hail the morning's rising dawn.

All these, dear maid, auspicious smile,
And proud to bless thy natal day,
Shall guide thee from the steps of guile,
And smooth for thee life's thorny way.

Literary Magazine.

A RECEIPT FOR A LOVE LETTER.

A PAINTED dart with anguish tipt,
A cup of poison take;
An op'ning bud untimely nipt,
A victim at a rack.

A bleeding heart, a vestal flame,
A mind in deep despair,
A thousand tortures without name,
And style her killing fair!

Each look that faintly speaks disdain,
A flash of lightning call;
And should she give denial plain,
Be that a thunder ball.

Ten thousand oaths, all well apply'd,
Must here in course be ta'en,
Tho' they're all meant to be bely'd,
And taken o'er again.

Swear that her eyes are two bright stars,
Her cheeks exceed the rose,
And purer white than lily bears
On her soft bosom flows.

Her lips must crimson velvet be,
And silver all her teeth;
Sweeter than any spicy tree
Must be her balmy breath.

The sun must be as cold as ice,
When with your flame compar'd;
Nay, light be darkness in a trice,
If she but speak the word.

Then you must break your heart in two;—
Send her the better half;—
She'll, may-be, say 'tis something new,
And condescend to laugh.

And when she laughs, the sun must shine
With an enliv'ning ray;—
Her smile be brightness all divine,
A perfect summer's day.

Let daggers, poison, blood, and death,
Fill every other line;
Between them let the gentle breath
Of soft persuasion shine.

First talk of love, and then the grave,
Of racks, and woodbine bow'rs;
Now swear, now praise, kiss, weep, and rave:
In time she must be yours.

TO A FROG.

Poor being! wherefore dost thou fly?
Why seek to shun my gazing eye,
And palpitate with fear?
Indulge a passing trav'ler's sight,
And leap not on in vain affright;
No cruel foe is here.

I would but pause awhile, to view
Thy dappled coat of many a hue;
Thy rapid bound survey;
And see how well thy limbs can glide
Along the sedge-crown'd streamlet's tide,
Then journey on my way.

No savage sage am I, whose pow'r
Shall tear thee from thy rush-wove bow'r,
To feel th' unsparing knife;
No barb'rous schemes this hand shall try,
Nor, to prolong thy death, would I
Prolong thy little life.

Ah! let him not, whose wanton skill
Delights the mangled frog to kill,
The wreath of praise attain!
Philosophy abhors the heart
That prostitutes her sacred art,
To give one being pain.

Monthly Magazine.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

OH! hear a pensive captive's pray'r,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thy heart be shut
Against the pris'ner's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong impressive force
A free-born mouse detain.—

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My scanty meal supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be ALL of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little ALL to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd,
And ev'ry charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when unseen destruction lurks,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

Mrs. Barbauld.

STANZAS TO ILL-NATURE.

FIEND abhorr'd, mankind's worst foe!
Hence, thy darksome crew among—
Haste—and with thy jaundic'd brow,
Fly the muse's vengeful song.

Oft the hapless muse hath borne,
Deep within the wounded heart,
Fell detraction's venom'd thorn,
Pointed by thy treach'rous art.

Born of envy, nurs'd by spleen,
Rear'd in passion's blighting storm;
Sorrow, anguish, care, chagrin,
Mark thy hideous hateful form.

Fraud and falsehood swell thy train,
Discord is thy sole employ,
Baffl'd malice all thy pain,
Seated rancour all thy joy.

Does the muse with sportive pow'r
Strive the gloom of life to cheer,
Thou'lt arraign the harmless hour,
Stifle peace, and nurture fear.

Does the flow of joy, or ease,
Some endearing scenes supply;
Ev'ry little wish to please
Rouses thy malignity;—

Humble genius, slender grace,
Small desert, may wait the muse,
Yet if any spark we trace,
Thy severest hate ensues.

Blacken'd by thy foul report,
Mirth is mischief, laughter guile;
Snares are seen in ev'ry sport,
Perfidy in ev'ry smile.

Still thy arts, malicious fiend,
Still thy hell-born schemes would fail,
Did not oft the valued friend
Listen to thy specious tale.

Vain were each insidious charge,
Effort feeble as unjust,
Did, alas! the world at large
Only hear, and only trust.

Did not oft the secret lie
Break the bond of private peace,
Bid domestic comfort fly,
Love subside, and friendship cease;

Did not oft thy breath destroy
  Fair Contentment's blooming flow'r,
Wither ev'ry social joy,
  And corrode life's sweetest hour;

Did not oft thy poison'd shaft
  Pierce the breast that most we prize,
And on fading faith engraft
  Doubt, constraint, and sad surmise.—

Luckless is that child of care,
  Who beneath thy scourge must live,
Doom'd from early youth to bear
  All the torments thou canst give.

Once thy fatal influence spread,
  Candour takes no further part;
Ignorance suspects the head,
  Prejudice belies the heart.

Hard and cruel is his lot,
  Ev'ry merit is denied;
All his virtues are forgot,
  All his errors magnified.

Fiend relentless—tyrant grim—
  Yet awhile, and all is o'er;
When the lamp of life is dim
  Thou wilt be observ'd no more.

When the sad, the fun'ral knell,
Shall his parted breath proclaim,
Faithful mem'ry then shall tell
Whether he deserv'd such blame.

Love, perhaps, may o'er his tomb
Drop a tender silent tear;
Friendship too lament a doom,
Enmity may think severe.

County Magazine.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

IN these flow'ry meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers:
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young;

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away:
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

Walton.

EPIGRAM.

On a dissatisfied, ill-tempered, Man.

STILL restless, still chopping and changing about;
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout;
Little Timothy, outrè as it may appear,
Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a year:
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfy'd elf,
What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

Anonymous.

AN EVENING'S WALK.

THE air was still, the sky serene,
The sun had yet an hour's day;
When thro' the mead I trod unseen
My usual solitary way.

Sudden the clouds with darkness rise,
The thunder grumbles in the wind;
The rains descend, the lightning flies,
True emblem of frail life we find.

Peaceful and quiet is this hour,
The next brings on sad ills of life;
Misfortune's clouds begin to low'r,
With malice, bickerings, and strife.

Then happy they whose humble shed
Can screen them till the storm is past;
Where sweet content, by temp'rance fed,
Shall be their shelter to the last.

Fly swift, ye shafts of envy, fly!
Malevolence, like lightning's dart,
The blaze awhile may terrify,
But ne'er can hurt the upright heart.

County Magazine.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not so blush to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair!

Waller.

THE ROSE RETURNED,

IN ANSWER.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell him that wastes his time on me,
That now he knows,
When he resembles me to thee,
How dang'rous female beauties be.

Tell him, while young,
Who fain wou'd have my graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou hadst not thus untimely dy'd.

Calm is the breast
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
And peace her guest,
Who wishes not to be desir'd;
Still hadst thon flourish'd, unadmir'd.

Go die! that he
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
Pluck'd from thy stem no more to share
Of ought that made the sweet or fair.

County Magazine.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SHOULD you ask me what female desert I require,
To relish the conjugal life;
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire,
To bias my choice in a wife;
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh;
The costly allurements of art
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent,
Bring comfort wherever they fall,
Cou'd these add a drop to the cup of content,
I'd gladly partake of them all;
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,
The raptures that beauties impart,
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever serene,
To cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,
And dissipate anger and spleen;
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours
Retirement shall oft set apart;
Whose virtues may sooth, when disquietude sours,
And tenderness cherish the heart.

For fortune, be honour her portion assign'd;
For beauty, bright health's rosy bloom;
Let justice and candour enoble her mind,
And cheerfulness banish the gloom:
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,
Its mixture of pleasure and smart,
She'd ever continue, 'till I was no more,
The constant delight of my heart.

County Magazine.

ORDERS TO MY PORTER.

THOU faithful guardian of these happy walls,
Whose honest zeal protects thy master's gate,
If any stranger at this mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune, blindfold dame, shall chance to knock,
Or proud Ambition court me to her arms,
"Shut, shut the door, good John," and turn the lock,
And hide thy master from their syren charms.

For in their dismal train, as black as night,
Come hideous care and sullen melancholy,
And song, and joy, and laughter take their flight,
Nor leave one precious moment to dear folly.

If at my door a beauteous boy be seen,
(His little feet have oft my threshold trod)
You'll know the offspring of the Cyprian queen,
His air, without his bow, betrays the god.

His magic smiles admission always win,
Tho' oft deceiv'd, I love the dear deluder;
Morn, noon, or night, besure to let him in,
For welcome, love is never an intruder.

Should sober Wisdom hither deign to roam,
Nor let her in, nor drive her quite away;
Tell her at present, "I am not at home,
But hope she'll visit me another day."

County Magazine.

THE CONFESSION.

TO MISS E. L.

In vain I strive my heart to shield,
Spite of myself that heart will yield;
In vain would hide a thousand ways,
What ev'ry conscious look betrays.

The jest assum'd, th' averted eye
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh;
Each stolen touch, which love impels,
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet not Eliza's charms alone,
Could ruling reason thus dethrone;
Her blooming graces, tho' with pain,
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But arm'd with that enchanting mien,
Which speaks the feeling mind within;
How can my soften'd breast be free,
Thus caught by sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,
Which proves Eliza's tender heart;
Yet not for me the smile will speak,
Which brightens in Eliza's cheek:

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,
Where nature is with joy at strife;
Her unembarrass'd looks declare
That love is not triumphant there:

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,
The pompous banners Wealth displays;
Each fond emotion distant keeps,
And all her native softness sleeps.

Ibid.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

AWAKE from silence ev'ry voice,
  Each tuneful pipe, and sounding string;
Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
  And ev'ry tongue in rapture sing.

On this distinguish'd day of grace,
  Th' eternal Prince of glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
  And save them by his powerful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
  Ye mountains, crown'd with cedars tall;
Be still, ye rude imperious winds,
  Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.

Let nought but harmony and love
  O'er all th' expanded surface reign,
And let the sacred choir above
  Approve, and join the heav'nly strain.

When we in bondage were exil'd,
  And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our souls, with blackest guilt defil'd,
  Obnoxious to th' impending rod:

That from his seat of perfect bliss
The Son of glory should descend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.

Such goodness, such stupendous care!
Nor man, nor angels can explore:
Then let us what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain,
Ye herds that to the wilds repair,
And ye that skim the surging main:

Some signs of exultation show,
While grateful minds your voices raise,
'Tis all that mortals can bestow,
To hail the day in songs of praise:

While skilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raising lyre;
While grateful strains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inspire.

Thus sacred be the happy day,
While sun, and moon, and stars endure;
Till nature feels her last decay,
And time itself shall be no more.

W. B.

TO A FRIEND.

Written after his departure to the West-Indies.

Adieu, my much lov'd friend! adieu for ever!
To thy sweet converse, social mirth adieu!
O thou whom many an envious league doth sever,
Be thine the lay to parting friendship due.

Thee my lorn fancy loves to picture, sailing
Across the vast Atlantic's foamy waste,
Each unknown coast in fond idea hailing,
And dreaming joys thou haply ne'er shalt taste.

For ah! to what blest region canst thou wander,
Where scenes than ours more fair thy senses greet;
Where canst thou view more healthful streams meander?
Find skies more genial, airs more balmy sweet?

What though the clime thou seek'st with maize wide spreading,
Bananas tall, in green luxuriance smile;
What though the citron, richest odours shedding,
With grateful zest the novel taste beguile;—

There many a Briton—cross'd the hostile surges,
The soil scarce trod—hath heav'd his gasping breath;
Tornado there his blasting fury urges,
And arid fever breathes contagious death!

But thou art gone, and vain the voice dissuading:—
Knew'st thou my wish—yet ah! it may not be—
Endearments past thy visions oftimes aiding,
Thy truant soul would wing its thoughts to me!

Say, when the sun, meridian beams diffusing,
With vivid splendor gilds the cloud's thin folds,
Say, wilt thou think thy friend, like thee, deep musing,
Though distant far, the self-same orb beholds?—

Say, when the breezes sleep on Ocean's pillow,
And the calm water's scarcely lave the strand,
Say, wilt thou think each gently murmuring billow,
Like thee, perchance, hath left its natal land?

W. Case, Jun.

THE LONG VACATION.

My lord now quits his venerable seat,
The six clerk on his padlock turns the key,
From bus'ness hurries to his snug retreat,
And leaves vacation and the town to me.

Now all is hush'd, asleep the eye of care,
And Lincoln's Inn a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the porter whistles o'er the square,
Or Pompey barks, or basket woman scolds;

Save that, from yonder pump, and dusty stair,
The mopeing shoeblack, and the laundress maid,
Complain of such as from the town repair,
And leave their little quarterage unpaid.

In those dull chambers, where old parchments lie,
And useless draughts, in many a mould'ring heap,
Each for parade to catch the clients eye,
Salkeld and Ventris in oblivion sleep.

In these dead hours, what now remains for me?
Still to the stool and to the desk confin'd,
Debarr'd from Autumn's shades, and liberty,
Whose smiles are soft as my Cleora's kind.

Hail, beauteous nymph! how does thy presence gild
The brow of care, and mitigate my pains!
With thee (such ecstasy thy beauties yield)
Bondage is free, and hugs thy pleasing chains.

Blest in thy love, sincerely I despise
The quibble, warmly urg'd with many a frown,
Hear each opinion of the learn'd and wise,
Nor envy Cato's wig, or Tully's gown.

British Chronicle.

VERSES.

PENSIVE I rove the pebbled shore,
Where Trent slow winds his crystal stream,
Now youth's gay season charms no more,
Or gilds with smiles life's airy dream;

Secluded from the noisy town,
Where folly rules with potent sway;
Where malice points the scornful frown;
And specious friends, alas! betray.

I hear the tumult from afar
Of mingled joy and sorrow loud;
There mad Ambition mounts the car,
And still deludes the gaping crowd.

Ah! little do his vot'ries know
What bliss these peaceful scenes afford;
What charms from this retirement flow,
What plenty decks my homely board.

[illegible] on the margin of the stream,
Or through the flow'ry meads I stray,
Some blissful vision prompts my theme,
And sweetly cheats the fleeting day.

Sequester'd thus from care and show,
I'll join the much-lov'd poet's song:
"Man wants but little here below,"
Alas! "Nor wants that little long."

C. S.

TO HENRY.

Ah! tell me not, that jealous fear
Betrays a weak suspicious mind;
Were I less true, and thou less dear,
I should be blest, and thou be kind.

But while, by giddy fancy led,
In search of joy you wildly rove,
Say, can my mind be free from dread,
When ev'ry sense is chain'd by love?

Yet soon my anxious fears shall cease,
Since I am doom'd from thee to part;
That day will give me lasting peace,
For, oh! that day will break my heart.

Emma.

THE THORN WITHOUT THE ROSE.

"No more, my bosom's peace to wound,
The oft-told tale relate,
Of troubles you, my friend, have found
To vex the marriage state.

" The querulous capricious mind
Deserves contempt and scorn,
That hopes in life's paterre to find
A Rose without a Thorn."

Thus Jack to Tom, his comrade dear,
With peevish accents spoke,
For Tom had groan'd full many a year
Beneath the nuptial yoke.

A termagant his consort prov'd,
Devoid of female grace,
From Hecate scarce in form remov'd,
In temper, or in face.

" My friendly monitor, I must
(Nor let it raise your pride)
Confess your observation just."
Thus, quickly, Tom reply'd :—

" But, think how hard his fate must be,
How piteous sure his woes,
Who's destin'd to possess, like me,
The Thorn without the Rose.

MS.

TO HOPE.

Ah! who is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:
Yet still, sweet Hope! I hear thee say,
" Be calm, thine ills will end tomorrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish:
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since I, alas! with thee must perish.

Anonymous.

REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Down to the vale of life I tend,
Where hoary age creeps slowly on;
And with the burdening thought I bend,
That youth and all its joys are gone.—

Successive years have roll'd away,
In fancied views of future bliss;
They prov'd mere phantoms of a day,
And all *that* future dies in *this*.

Now, with a retrospective eye,
I look far back to early life;
When Hymen promis'd to supply
My highest wishes in a wife.

I waited, hop'd, and trusted still,
That time would bring th' expected day;
But never happy to my will,
Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I
To wed as taught by Nature's rule;
The world was still to chuse for me,—
And I—the condescending fool.—

Hence are my days a barren round
Of trifling hopes, and idle fears;
For life—true life—is only found
In social joys, and social tears.

Let mopeing monks, and rambling rakes,
The joys of wedded love deride;
Their manners rise from gross mistakes,
Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,
Flow from affection more refin'd;
Affections sacred to the dove,
Heroic, constant, warm, and kind,

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred tie!
That binds two gentle souls in one:
On equal wings their troubles fly,
In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring,
Hence joys in quick succession come;
A queen is she, and he's a king,
And their dominion is—their home.

Happy the youth, who finds a bride,
In sprightly days of health and ease;
Whose temper's to his own ally'd,
No knowledge seeks—but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend,
A thousand comforts rise around;
The husband, parent, wife, and friend,
In ev'ry dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man! 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise;
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.—

Still shall their days with bliss be crown'd,
Nor shall their comforts hence remove;
Bitters are oft salubrious found,
And lover's quarrels heighten love.—

The lights and shades, and goods and ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.

MS.

FROM A LOVER OF THE HOUSE OF YORK,

To his Mistress of the House of Lancaster.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

THE PRISONER.

Ah, Hope, seraphic heav'nly maid,
Impart thy lenient power!
Oh! swift descend, and with thy aid
Come cheer the dreary hour!

Ah! haste and bring thy aid to me.—
Come, soothing balm, dear liberty!
Ah! break my chains and set me free,
And, from this gloomy dungeon drear,
Let me once more with transport see
Delights which you alone can cheer.

Sometimes with grief of heart oppress'd,
Urg'd by despair, the door I try
In vain in quest of liberty;
The fruitless effort fills mine eye
With tears that lull me to my rest.

Dreams of vain hope then fill my mind,
Visions of bliss before me fly,
And, in my sleep, I seem to find
A constant view of liberty.

I wake in peace, but sad reverse,
The heav'nly aëreal is not there;
Around my dungeon all is hush,
All gloomy, silent, dark despair.

Then, welcome, death, thou fear'd, but friendly foe!
Welcome thy shuddering pill, thy awful, deadly blow,
That frees a broken heart from agonizing woe,
And bids the suffering wretch resign his breath,
To be at peace within the arms of death.

THE SAD MIND.

At that lone hour, when care is lost
In sweet forgetfulness and sleep,
The woe-worn wretch, by sorrows crost,
Retires alone to wake and weep:
The fearful horrors of the storm and wind
Are small, compar'd to those in his sad mind.

Beyond these battlements on high,
I view yon mountain's lofty base;
The tear, succeeded by the sigh,
Will rush adown my pallid face;
As thus in melancholy mood reclin'd,
I vent the anguish hid in this sad mind.

Oblivion's stream, I've oft been told,
Has pow'r to calm the sense of woe,
The senses of the wretch enfold,
And bid his sorrows cease to flow:
But no Lethean cup can I e'er find,
For mis'ry holds her seat in this sad mind.

What sounds of horror do I hear!
The owl's shrill scream, the raven's wing,
In murmurs reach my frighten'd ear,
And to this heart conviction bring,
That though to Virtue's path inclin'd,
Sweet peace is far from me, and this sad mind.

At evening's lone and quiet hour,
The droning bat wheel'd slowly by,
Alive to Superstition's pow'r,
Th' unbidden tear rush'd from my eye;
And, as the western sun declin'd,
Fresh fears and horrors rose in this sad mind.

Ah! should this presage of my heart,
Which fills my soul with throbbing woe,
Be soon fulfill'd, and death's sure dart
Have laid my darling Edgar low:
The same dread power, with hand so kind,
Shall peace and joy restore to this sad mind.

With him I'll fly to that blest shore,
Where joy immortal ever reigns—
Where pain and sorrow are no more,
And love divine the soul sustains—
Where mortal films, no longer blind,
And griefs and cares expell'd from this sad mind.

Flowers of Literature.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers;
And hear the sound of music sweet,
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wand'ring through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Logan.

RESPICE FINEM.

To be as wise as Cato was,
And rich as Cræsus in his life;
To have the strength of Hercules,
Which did subdue by force or strife;
What helpeth it, when death doth call?
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the poor relieve;
The rulers may redress each wrong;
The learned may good counsel give;
But mark the end of this my song:
Who doth these things, happy they call;
The happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end in these our days,
  That all do seek, both small and great,
Is but for fame, or else for praise,—
  Or, who may sit in higher seat;
But of these things, hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see,
  But seldom standing at one stay;
For few do like the mean degree,
  Then praise at parting, some men say
The thing whereto each wight is thrall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The mean estate, that happy life,
  Which liveth under governance;
Who seeks no hate, nor breeds no strife,
  But takes in worth his happy chance:
If contentation him befall,
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire,
  The more offence doth daily grow;
The greater pain it doth require,
  Except the judge some mercy show:
Wherefore I think, and ever shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

Paradise of Dainty Devises.

TO THE LADIES.

On Davison's Palmyrene, or violet-scented Soap.

A Davison once urg'd his queen to sign
Her fatal sentence on a form divine;
Yet, sure, that victim's face, ador'd by all,
With mightier impulse sped her hapless fall.

To keep awhile such graces from the tomb,
To fix their fleeting snows, their transient bloom,
Our modern Davison from Syria's plains
His bright restorative of beauty drains.
'Tis his to change (the veil of time withdrawn)
Life's clouded ev'ning to its purple dawn,
And, 'spite of sorrow's waste, or youth's decay,
Recall the sunshine of our vernal day.

For this Palmyra's gloomy vaults explor'd,
A long lost treasure yields its ample hoard;
And Davison, exulting, joys to bear
Zenobia's arts to grace the British fair.

No pois'nous unguent here, with styptic power,
Shrinks the parch'd forehead like a rivell'd flower;
No acid wash, with treach'rous skill prepar'd,
Corrodes the bosom it pretends to guard;
For tints more chaste to Davison repair,
There health resides, and Hymen triumphs there.

His safe cosmetics genial force retain,
Point the dull glance, and clear th' incumber'd vein;
On Chloe's hand innoxious sapphires spread,
And tinge her cheeks with salutary red;
Such aids the ball, the romp, the kiss defy,
Nor drop their ensigns till their leaders die.

If wealth like this your Davison imports,
Ye British dames, to you his hope resorts!
Let your soft voice his eastern stores proclaim,
Exalt their merits, and protect their fame:
Nor think your praise the living only know—
Its magic influence rules the world below.
While Syria's spoils your growing charms adorn,
Her vanquish'd heroine shall no longer mourn:
Palmyra thus shall think her wrongs repaid,
And added glory crown Zenobia's shade

In the wrapper of Davison's Soap.

ON A FOP TURNED EPICURE.

SAVING, you say, Jack Selfish grows,
Because he's seen in shabbier clothes,
But you mistake, I tell ye:
A selfish spendthrift still is Jack,
And that which lately vamp'd his back,
Now goes to gorge his belly.

THE YOUNG NEGRO WOMEN'S SONG.

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast:
He sat him down beneath our tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And, ah! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare!

The storm is o'er, the tempest past;
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish; the Negro's prayer;
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

Duchess of Devonshire.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A SONG.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
Hungry, and barefoot, I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never return.
Pity, kind gentlemen! friends of humanity!
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on:
Give me some food for my mother, for charity;
Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

Call me not lazy-back, beggar, and bold-enough,
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when their old enough
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen! &c.

Think while you revel so careless and free,
Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed;
Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
Pity, kind gentlemen! &c.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS CROOKSHANK.

Supposed to be spoken at the Interment.

"THY fragrant bosom, EARTH, unfold,
And lightly lay thy softest mould:
We bring a slumb'rer full of charms,
To lodge her in thy gloomy arms.

"Let roses shed unfading bloom,
And lilies flourish round her tomb;
Roses and lilies best could show
The beauteous face that fades below.

"May no rude step disturb the ground
Where this reposing babe is found;
While cherubs here their vigils keep,
And guard her dust, and sooth her sleep.

"But think not, GRAVE, that we resign
This treasure as for ever thine;
We only ask a transient stay,
Till heav'n unfolds th' eternal day:

"Then shall this mould'ring frame of flesh
Spring forth in blooming life afresh;
And DEATH, that swallows ALL, shall be
Swallow'd himself in victory."

Gibbons.

ON THE SINGING OF A ROBIN.

Now to some tree's aspiring bough,
That drops its faded leaves below,
Or to some barn's straw-cover'd height
The Redbreast wings his ev'ning flight.

Pleas'd I attend his tuneful throat,
While winter shivers in his note,
Prophetic of long months of gloom,
Tempests and sleets, and snows to come.

Stay, feather'd innocent, and sing,
Till nature wakes the blooming spring;
And, while the lark denies his song,
Do thou thy living strains prolong.

How glad, sweet warbler, should I be,
Could I but mingle joys with thee;
And, while life's wintry state remains,
Charm the dull shades, and sooth my pains.

Ibid.

THE CAUTION.

Soft kisses may be innocent,
But, ah! too easy maid, beware;
Though that is all thy kindness meant,
'Tis love's delusive fatal snare.

No virgin e'er at first design'd
Through all the maze of love to stray;
But each new path allures her mind,
Till wand'ring on, she lose her way.

'Tis easy ere set out to stay;
But who the useful art can teach,
When sliding down the steepy way,
To stop, before the end we reach?

Keep ever something in thy pow'r,
Beyond what would thy honour stain:
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for small favours sighs in vain.

Mrs. Cockburn.

AN ADDRESS TO SUSPENSE.

WHAT art thou, dubious power? that to the earth
Now sinks the sadden'd heart, now lifts it high,
At once of human, and of heav'nly birth;
Mortal, thy sire, thy mother of the sky,
Or borne by seraph Hope through fields of air,
Or plung'd in caverns by the fiend Despair.

E'en now thy double sway divides my breast,
Thy tyrannizing poize, 'twixt good and ill;
Yet equal both to rob the mind of rest,
As each alternate works thy tort'ring will;
O then, to certain joy, or certain grief,
The balance turn, and give my soul relief!

Give me the worst to hear, or best to know;
This dread delay unfits that soul to bear,
With wonted fortitude, new loads of woe;
And bliss deferr'd must mix corroding care.
Too late the sun his stronger rays shall dart,
When flower-worms feed upon the rose's heart.

Pratt's Gleanings in England.

VERSES

By a Lady on her Death Bed at Bath, to her Husband in London.

THOU, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy:
Thou tend'rest husband, and thou best of friends,
To thee this first, this last adieu I send;
At length the conq'ror, Death, asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace;
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain;
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
Th' eternal scenes of heav'n he sets to view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his pow'r;
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past;
And should'st thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd—thy faithful wife.

Mrs. Monk.

THE LARK.

See on his beating pinions rise
The little soarer to the skies;
Sweet raptures swell his throat!
Sublime in clouds he tow'rs away,
And hails the op'ning lids of day
In many a tuneful note.

His morning anthem o'er, he leaves
The fields of light, and earth receives
Her humble guest again:
Pleas'd he renews his daily tasks,
And to supply what nature asks
He gleans the furrow'd plain.

But when the sun has reach'd the west,
And bends his radiant gold to rest,
Again the lark aspires,
Exulting wings the azure way,
And mingles his melodious lay
With heav'ns immortal choirs.

Loud warbling from the ætherial height,
At length to earth he drops his flight,
To take a sweet repose,
Till the sun's heav'n-ascending ray,
Scatt'ring the shades of night away,
In purple lustre glows.

"This bird," cry'd I, "suggests to me
A copy what myself should be;
Who, as the morn and ev'n
Alternate roll, should always give
Praises to him from whom I live,
And all my bliss is giv'n.

"The shining hours of time that run
'Twixt the gay morn and setting sun,
I like the lark should spend:
And the sweet train of studious cares
Should fill the current of my years,
Till life should find its end."

Gibbons.

THE SIGH.

Addressed to a young Lady, on her introduction into high life.

On pleasure's gladsome wing repair,
Where varied joys unite to meet thee:
Where high-born lords, with flattering air,
And tender accents, press to greet thee.
Yet, if amidst the splendid scene,
One softer thought should intervene,
One sigh should from thy bosom flee,
Oh! may that sigh be breath'd for me.

Let fancy's magic pow'r awhile
  Transport thy lover to thy view,
Whose constant round of irksome toil
  Each morning's light must still renew:
His days with sad suspense o'ercast,
His nights in restless slumbers past:
Canst thou, my love, this portrait see,
Nor sigh for him, who droops for thee?

Oh! deign those tortures to appease,
  That prey upon my aching breast:
Each doubt, each fear shall learn to cease,
  If with thy love I still am blest;
Cheerful I'll meet the varied pains
That hard necessity ordains,
And not a sigh my breast shall flee,
Unless that sigh be breath'd for thee.

My aspect, late so pale and wan,
  That wore no dress, but that of sorrow,
Shall bid its cloud of grief begone,
  And from thy smiles new pleasures borrow:
And when my love thou deign'st to meet,
With transports high my heart shall beat,
And should it sigh, its sighs shall be
Of pleasure born, and love of thee.

Maunde.

ON A LADY

DYING OF A CONSUMPTION.

View yon pale flower, surcharg'd with dew,
That bends its lonely head to earth,
And seems, in fancy's eye, to woo
The sod beneath that gave it birth.

Its stem which now can scarce sustain
The drops that on its blossom weigh,
Shall soon its wonted strength regain,
Beneath the sun's reviving ray.

But thou, lost maid! whose fading frame
So slowly verges to the tomb,
And seems, in silent woe, to claim
A refuge in its darksome womb,

What sun shall rise thy griefs to cheer,
Or o'er thy cloud of sorrow break?
What kindly warmth shall dry the tear
That falls adown thy pallid cheek?

What though thy words will not unfold
The cause that prompts the frequent sigh,
Too well, alas! those looks have told
That treach'rous love has bid thee die.

Oh! yes, that pow'r that gave thee breath,
Shall view thy woes with pitying eye;
Shall bid each sorrow cease in death,
And call thee to thy kindred sky.

Maunde.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(Die Ideale.)

COMPANIONS of my earlier years,
For ever faithless, will ye fly
With all your train of hopes and fears,
Aspiring thoughts, and warm desires,
Creative Fancy's magic fires,
That warm'd my opening mind with distant scenes of joy?
Imagination's airy train,
Can nought your hasty flight restrain?
Ah! never, never shall I see
Those visions of my early prime;
Swept by the ruthless storms of time,
Lost in the ocean of eternity.

And are those suns for ever set in night,
That spread their lustre o'er my dawning day?
Those cherish'd visions of supreme delight,
So oft invok'd, no longer will they stay?

Each wish that fir'd my inexperienc'd mind,
And promised bliss and purity below,
Say, must it still in reason find a foe,
And leave a dull and dreary void behind?

As once the sculptured image fir'd
Pygmalion with an am'rous flame,
Till breath and genial life inspir'd
The marbles cold and senseless frame;
So Nature to my opening soul
Appear'd in all her charms array'd,
Imagination lent her aid,
And mimic life inspir'd the wond'rous whole.

Responsive to my ardent mind,
The magic influence spread o'er all,
The tree, the flower, the water-fall,
The forest wild, the lawn, the grove,
All seem'd to life and sense refin'd,
To echo back the song of boundless love.

Methought an influence divine
Rul'd with Almighty pow'r my mind,
And urg'd to ev'ry great design,
Form'd by the love of human kind!
How vast, how fair, appear'd this wond'rous scene,
When hope at first its op'ning buds display'd!
How dull and comfortless, how poor and mean,
Has reason since this mighty world portray'd!

When first life's journey I began,
Unburden'd by the load of care,
In thought with mighty strides I ran
To scenes that fancy painted fair;
Already would my wishes fly
To many a great and arduous height,
Nought was too distant, nought too high,
To tempt my fancy's daring flight.

How easy thence to snatch the prize
It seem'd, amid the glorious strife,
While danc'd before my dazzled eyes
The forms that glitter in the morn of life.
Methought, obedient to my call,
That Love his roses in my path had strown,
That Fortune, with her golden crown,
And Fame, that hides in stars his lofty crest,
And Truth, in never-fading sun-beams drest,
On me had doom'd their choicest gifts to fall.

The fairy scenes are flown,
The bright enchantment vanished in air;
Faithless, for ever are they gone,
Unmark'd, unheard my prayer.
On hasty wings has Fortune urg'd her flight,
Nor knowledge grants me yet her gifts to share,
While hid in clouds of doubt is Truth's immortal light.

I saw the palm of high renown
The undeserving brow adorn;
I look'd—and lo! for ever flown
The op'ning sweets of life's delicious morn!
And deeper still, and darker, grew
The shades that gather'd round my lonely way,
While 'mid the dull and dreary view
Hope scarcely shed a feeble doubtful ray.

Of all the visionary train
That fancy erst was wont to raise,
O say, which faithful yet remain,
To cheer the evening of my days?
Thou, Friendship, who alone has power
To heal each deeply-rankling wound,
And cheer affliction's darkest hour—
To whom I early sought and found:
Employment, too, whose healing balm
Can still the passion's mad'ning rage,
The tempest of the soul can calm,
And all life's ills assuage;
'Tis thou, who unappall'd by toil,
Canst to perfection bring each nobler aim,
And atoms upon atoms pile,
To form a system's mighty frame:
Led by thy hand in life's declining day,
Hours, minutes, months, and years, will softly steal away.

I. B.

ODE.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year?
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shall end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail;
Then, wantonly, to death decree
An insect of more use than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother kind,
As low, as earthly, and as blind!

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flow'rs deep-embosom'd sweet,
Exhaling with the evening blast?
Thy ev'nings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancy'd green,
O vanity, in little seen!
All must be left when death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears:
Nor one—of all thy plants that grow,
Save Rosemary, with thee will go!

Dr. Sewell.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES TO THE SEA NYMPHS.

HASTEN from your coral caves,
Ev'ry nymph that sportive laves
In the green sea's oozy wells,
And gilds the fins, and spots the shells!
Hasten, and our morrice join,
Ere the gaudy morning shine!

Rising from the foamy wave,
Instantly your aid we crave:
Come, and trip, like our gay band,
Traceless on the amber sand.
Haste, or we must hence away,
Yet an hour and all is day!

At your bidding, from our feet
Shall the ocean monsters fleet;
Sea-nettle and sting-fish glide
Back upon the refluent tide.
Haste, the dawn has streak'd the cloud,
Hark, the village cock has crow'd!

See the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire;
Quickly then our revel join,
The blush of morn is on the brine.
Loit'rers! we must hence away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day.

Miss Seward.

TO IANTHE.

Belov'd, each anxious fear repel;
Think not that aught our hearts can sever;
Heaven knows I love thee passing well;
And knows I less can love thee never.

My soul a transient flame shall scorn:
To thee I've sworn no short-liv'd duty,
Like theirs whose passions, beauty born,
Still sickens and expires with beauty.

Sorrow and pain those locks may rend
That round thy brows so graceful cluster;
Dark hues may with thy lilies blend,
And dim thine eye's expresive lustre.

Alas! 'tis true that I may see
Their rugged hands thy graces ruin,
And sad indeed my soul will be,
With sighs their fatal progress viewing!

But thou no alter'd love shall find,
Though every outward charm be flying:
More bright will shine thy angel-mind,
The powers of pain and grief defying!

Davenport.

SONG.

Ring on! ring on, ye merry bells,
And be to others sounds of gladness—
Alas! your silver sweetness swells
And wakes my slumb'ring heart to madness.

Ring on! ring on, for since your chimes
Shall never now my wedding hallow,
O! be the voice of other times,
And rouse their joys, like spectres sallow.

Ah! ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing,
And listen'd to the best of men,
Who now in yonder grave is lying!

Ah! ring such peals as may recal
Those happy hours, now gone for ever,
And whilst the bitter tear-drops fall,
At once my soul and reason sever!

Anna Maria Porter.

THE EXILE.

Ye hills of my country, soft fading in blue,
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter, your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bow'rs where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
The Eden of love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost!—but your summits of green
Shall charm through the distance of many a scene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn!
Ye hills of my country farewell evermore,
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

Miss Bannerman.

INSCRIPTION,

DESIGNED FOR A VILLAGE SPRING.

CALM is the tenor of my way,
Not hurry'd on with furious haste,
Nor rais'd aloft in proud display:
Pure to the tribute of my urn,
With constant flow, not idle waste,
Offering to him who sends the rain,
By serving man, the best return.
A course like mine, thy trial o'er,
Those living waters will attain,
Which he who drinks shall thirst no more.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auspicious guest!
Source of all comforts to the human breast!
Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us rise
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
Though Art's fair works and Nature's gifts conspire
To please each sense, and satiate each desire;
'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away;
Then opens to the soul a heav'nly scene,
Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.

Where dost thou deign, say, in what blest retreat,
To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?
Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?
Can Av'rice gain thee with her golden store?
Can vain Ambition, with her boasted charms,
Tempt thee within her wide—extended arms?
No, with content alone canst thou abide,
Thy sister ever smiling by thy side.
When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?
Or when the eager swains pursue the chase
With active limbs, and health in ev'ry face,

Is it the voice that wak'ning up the morn,
Cheers the staunch hound, and winds the jolly horn?
Or, when the assembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charm around,
And airs extatick swell their tuneful sound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
Can such tumultous joys as these be thine?
Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
Thy pleasure issues from a nobler source,
From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
From passions temper'd, and from lusts represt,
From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Through life, through death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
From Nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

Calcot's Moral Thoughts.

THE LADY'S SCULL.

Blush not, ye fair! to own me—but be wise,
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes:
Fame says (and fame alone can tell how true)
I—once—was lovely, and belov'd—like you.
Where are my vot'ries, where my flatt'rers now?
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.
Adieu the rose's red, the lily's white:
Adieu those eyes that made the darkness light:
No more, alas! those coral lips are seen,
No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.

Turn from your mirror, and behold in me
At once what thousands can't, or dare not see:
Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart.
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.

On beauty's fragile state no more depend;
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end:
Here drops the mask, here ends the final scene,
Nor differs grave three-score from gay fifteen.
All press alike to the same goal—the tomb,
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.

When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
Here learn the lesson, to be vain no more:
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
And even lend MORTALITY a charm.

Calcot's Moral Thoughts.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SCULL.

WHY start?—the case is yours—or will be soon;
Some years, perhaps—perhaps another moon.
Life at its utmost length is still a breath,
And those who longest dream must 'wake in death.
Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
And gold of ev'ry ill the certain cure:
Till steep'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain:
Disease with scorn threw back the sordid fee,
And Death still answer'd—what is gold to me?

Fame, titles, honours, next I vainly sought,
And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought;
Circled with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
I built on endless grandeur, endless days:
'Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.

Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste:
The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.
A loathsome carcase was my constant care,
And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.
Go on, vain Man! to luxury be firm;
Yet know—I feasted but to feast a worm.

Already sure less terrible I seem,
And you, like me, shall own—that life's a dream.
Farewell, remember, nor my words despise,
The only happy are the early wise.

Ibid.

BALLAD.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recal the hour
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,
Our joys shall always last,
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me.

And as thy lips the tear-drops chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl, away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last,
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet,
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl, away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last,
For hope will brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

ALIKE two sparkling eyes you boast,
Whose lustre oft, in gazing lost,
Enraptur'd we adore!—
The difference is, with endless wiles
One tries their force; the other smiles,
Unconscious of their pow'r!

To win our unsuspecting hearts,
Alike in both love's fatal darts
In ev'ry look are found:—
The difference is, on conquest bent,
One throws them round with fell intent;
The other ne'er would wound!

Of melting heart is each possess'd,
Of love susceptible each breast,
With youthful ardour strong:—
The difference is, the flame of one
With transient glow would quickly burn;
The other's mild and long!

Alike to charm by nature form'd,
Each is with ev'ry grace adorn'd;
A passion each excites:—
The difference is, the one's design'd
By art to please; the other's mind
By sentiment delights!

Alike with interlectual force
Each can enliven her discourse,
Each gain attentive ear:—
The difference is, with sprightly wit
One shines; to t'other we submit
For reasoning just and clear!

Alike to boundless pow'r you reach;
A thousand knees alike to each
In captive suit are bent!—
The difference is, one seeks them ALL;
The other would but ONE enthral,
With ONE fond heart content!

Alike you bloom in beauty's prime;
With either blest we pass our time,
And both our praise acquire:—
The difference is, the wise will say,
The one would please us for a DAY;
The other NEVER TIRE!

Poetical Register.

TO MEMORY.

O, MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st thy flow'rets cropt by time;
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muses bow'r,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite,
But sure to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams;
Or, by thy soft'ning pencil shewn,
Assume the beauties not their own.

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow;
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When pleas'd in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse and pensive say,
  Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
  While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
  But, ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

Shenstone.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

Over a sideboard at Sir William Stanhope's.

Let social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstun'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;
Let reason unimpair'd exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.
Far hence the wag's and witling's scurril jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:
True wit and humour such low helps decline,
Nor will the graces owe their charms to wine.
Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:
In vain—they're ten times greater fools when drunk.
Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish, nor fear our final day.

Pleasing Reflections.

A HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd;
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Addison.

TO LAURA, AT PARTING.

LAURA! thy sighs must now no more
My falt'ring steps detain;
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:
Yet, while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheeks bedew,
Ah! think, tho' doom'd from thee to fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone;
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last, long kiss, and then we part—
Another, and adieu!
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

Smyth.

ON LIFE.

CAN we find out one scene in life,
That is not fill'd with pain and strife?
In bus'ness we the hurry share,
Ever 'midst tumult, noise, and care:
At home, with indolence and spleen,
We show to all but dull chagrin:
Or if we take the sportive field,
Will rural sports a pleasure yield?
Where hours, days, years, we chase away,
To gain a despicable prey.
But should we o'er the ocean roll,
From land to land, from pole to pole;
Still hoping while we distant roam,
Laden to come with riches home:
The winds arise, the billows roar,
The vessel bulges on the shore,
And life and riches are no more.
With wealth we fear our hoarded bags;
With poverty we mourn our rags:
We've too much comp'ny with a wife;
Too little in a single life:
With children we enlarge our care;
If barren, we lament an heir:
In youth we're thoughtless, giddy, vain;
In age, mere children we're again:
The wise this only choice would try,
Not to be born, or soon to die.

Gentleman's Magazine.

VANESSA'S ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL! blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flow'rs;
Come, with tints of roseate hue
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendant beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene;
When unperceiv'd the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire:
Still list'ning to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my heart away.

My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names! in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

TO HEALTH.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hopes to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part,
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast thou not my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And tho' with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where min'ral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the muse's melting voice,
And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hill and valley roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows,
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than me?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth with jocund haste I run,
To freedom, and to glee.

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing fears,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—ingratitude.

Repair this mould'ring cell,
And blest with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temp'rance should guard the doors;
From room to room should mem'ry stray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores.

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

Shenstone.

THE BLUSH.

AN ENIGMA.

WHEN first o'er Psyche's angel breast
Love's infant wings undreaded play'd,
Of either parents grace possess'd,
My birth their secret flame betray'd.

No limbs my aëry charms obscure,
No bone my elfin frame sustains,
Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,
As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with beauty, watch with fear,
I rise in timid youth's defence;
My gentle warmth alone can rear
The snow-drop buds of innocence.

Without a tongue, a voice, a sound,
My eloquence o'er all prevails;
I still in ev'ry clime am found
To tell my parent's tend'rest tales.

Love's sunshine, beam'd from brightest eyes,
Less cheers his vot'ry's painful duty,
Than my auspicious light, that flies
Like meteors o'er the face of beauty.

Spencer.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN SEAT.

If mirth alone to thee be dear,
  If sorrow ne'er thy heart refin'd,
If frolic youth thy bosom cheer,
  And spirits light, and fortune kind:

No longer let thine eye peruse
  What here inscrib'd thy glance may see;
For I this artless verse would choose,
  Unmark'd by mortals blest like thee.

But, stranger, at the touch of pain
  If e'er thy heart was doom'd to thrill,
If melancholy ever deign
  To steep thy soul in slumbers still;

If harsh unkindness e'er for thee
  Prepar'd that keen envenom'd dart!
Which tenderness can seldom flee,
  And left it rankling in thy heart;

Thee would I greet in kindliest lay,
  Would say like thee that others mourn,
And chide thee soft, if chide I may,
  And bid thee bear what I have born.

And tell thee, stranger, if to me
Thy sacred griefs had but been known,
One heart, at least, had felt for thee,
And made thy sorrows all its own.

Smyth.

ODE TO FOLLY.

HAIL, goddess of the vacant eye!
To whom my earliest vows were paid,
Whose prattle hush'd my infant cry,
As on the lap supinely laid,
I saw thee shake, in sportive mood,
Thy tinkling bells and antick hood.

Source of the sweets that never cloy,
Folly, indulgent parent, hail!
Thine are the charming draughts of joy
That childhood's ruby lips regale;
Thy hands with flowers the goblet crown,
And pour th' ingredients all thy own.

No fiery spirits enter there,
To rouse the tingling nerves to pain,
Thy balmy cups, unbought with care,
Swim lightly o'er the tender brain;
Bland as the milky streams they flow,
Nor leave the pungent dregs of woe.

Gay partner of the school-boy band,
Who charm'd the starting tear away,
What tho' beneath the pedant's hand
My flaxen head devoted lay,
Oft were my truant footsteps seen
In thy brisk gambols on the green.

Too soon those moments danc'd away;
My years to manhood onward drew,
And as my heart began to play,
My listless limbs more languid grew:
For now a thorn disturb'd my rest,
The wish of something unpossess'd.

At length with wonted pastime tir'd,
Aside the boyish toys I threw,
But when with expectation fir'd
I to the world's wide circle flew,
I look'd around with simple stare,
And found thee in broad features there.

There saw thee high in regal state,
Thy crowded, clam'rous orgies hold,
With bounding hands thy cymbals beat,
And wide thy tawdry flag unfold;
Whilst thy gay motley liveries shone
On myriads that begirt thy throne.

The devious path, sweet pow'r, I join'd:
  Thro' fancied fields of bliss we stray'd,
A thousand wonders we design'd,
  A thousand idle pranks we play'd:
Now grasp'd at glory's quiv'ring ray,
And now in Chloe's arms we lay.

But, Folly, why prolong my verse
  To sing the laughter-loving age,
Or what avails it to rehearse
  Thy triumphs on the youthful stage,
Where Wisdom, if she claims a place,
Sits ever with an awkward grace?

For now, e'en now, in riper years,
  Smit with thy many-colour'd vest,
Oft I renounce my cautious fears,
  And clasp thee to my thoughtless breast;
Enough that in Presumption's mien
Beneath my roof thou ne'er art seen.

That as my harmless course I run,
  The world thro' candid lights I view,
And still with gen'rous pity shun
  The moody, mopeing, serious crew;
Since what they fondly, vainly prize,
Is ever, ever to be wise.

ON READING "THE SORROWS OF WERTER."

THY soft-wrought sorrows, Werter, while I view,
Why falls not o'er the page soft Pity's dew?
Is there no tear for thy unhappy lot?
Is tenderness no more, and love forgot?
Chill'd is my breast by fifty winters snow?
And dead the touch of sympathetic woe?
No!—o'er this bosom, fifty winters old,
Love, wedded Love, still points his shafts of gold;
Still moves his purple wings, and o'er my urn
With brightest rays his constant lamp shall burn.
Not so thy torch of Love—in angry mood
By furies lighted, and put out in blood:
From the black deed affrighted pity flew,
And horror check'd the tear thy suff'rings drew.
While from the gloomy page I learn'd to know
That virtuous tears alone for virtuous sorrows flow.

Ibid.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move
Why seem'd you so deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
But—Why did you kick me down stairs?

VERSES

Written on the blank leaf of a book in which a Lady had made a Selection of Poems.

WHILST health and youth lead on the sprightly hours,
How sweet through fancy's flowery fields to stray,
Catch the wild notes inventive genius pours,
And stamp on lasting leaves the genuine lay!

Nor think those hours to trivial cares consign'd
Thou with the fav'ring muses may'st employ;
'Tis they who harmonize the youthful mind,
And open ev'ry avenue to joy:

Bid the freed soul the grov'ling crew despise,
Whom humbler hopes of pow'r or riches move;
Bid the freed soul to nobler prospects rise,
To fancy, friendship, harmony, and love.

V.

INSCRIPTION ON A HERMITAGE

In one of the Islands of the West Indies.

WITHIN this rural cot I rest,
With solitude to calm my breast;
And while beneath th' umbrageous bow'r
Content beguiles each roseate hour,
And while with Anna oft I rove,
Soft friendship's mutual sweets to prove,
I scorn the pageants of the great,
Nor envy pow'r and empty state.

No thoughtless mortals here invade
The sacred limits of this glade;
No busy footsteps here are seen
To print the flow'r-enamell'd green;
But, far remov'd from pomp and noise,
No care my happiness destroys;
Save when the lov'd idea reigns
Of distant Albion's blissful plains,
Far, far remov'd, perhaps no more
Destin'd to hail my natal shore:
(Perhaps, Horatio, thy dear form
No more these languid eyes may charm,
No more this faithful bosom warm!)

Here, safe in this sequester'd vale,
The stock-doves pour their tender tale;
Here too the peaceful halcyons rest,
And weave secure their quiet nest;
Or sportive now, on azure wing,
Flutter in many an aëry ring;
Expanding, gorgeous, as they fly,
Their saphire plumage to the sky.

Soon as Aurora wakes the dawn,
I press with nimble feet the lawn,
Eager to deck the fav'rite bow'r
With ev'ry op'ning bud and flow'r,
Explore each shrub and balmy sweet
To scatter o'er my mossy seat,
And teach around in wreaths to stray
The rich pomegranate's pliant spray.

At noon, reclin'd in yonder glade,
Panting beneath the tam'rind's shade,
Or where the palm-tree's nodding head
Guards from the sun my verdant bed,
I quaff, to slake my thirsty soul,
The cocoa's full nectareous bowl.

At eve, beneath some spreading tree
I read the inspir'd poesy
Of Milton, Pope, or Spencer mild,
And Shakespeare, fancy's brightest child:

To tender Sterne I lend an ear,
Or drop o'er Heloise the tear;
Sometimes with Anna tune the lay,
And close in song the cheerful day.

'Tis thus the circling year is spent
In harmony and sweet content,
And when *(should* fortune so ordain)
I view my native realms again,
I'll ne'er forget the tranquil hours
I spent in India's spicy bow'rs,
Nor e'en prefer the world's great stage
To this sequester'd Hermitage.

Maria Riddell, aged 16.

ODE TO A FOUNTAIN.

SEQUESTER'D Fountain, ever pure,
Whose smooth meand'ring rill
In gentle murmurs glides obscure
Beneath thy parent hill;
Tir'd with ambition's fruitless strife,
I quit the stormy scenes of life
To shape my course by thine,
And pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
While thus around thy little urn
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair Fountain! on thy margin green
May Spring her flow'rs display,
And pendant shades thy bosom screen
From noon's obtruding ray.
O! may the morn's ambrosial sky
With pearly dew thy stores supply,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

Fair Fountain! to thy gelid streams
May Lethe's clouded spring,
Emerging from the land of dreams,
Some balm oblivious bring:
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove;
Forget how there at first they grew,
And once again with man renew
The ties of cordial love.

For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?

Hopeless, in his disastrous hour
He sees the gath'ring tempest low'r,
The bursting cloud impend,
Tow'rds the wild waste he casts his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry
The bosom of a friend.

How chang'd since that propitious time
When woo'd by fortune's gale,
Fearless in youth's advent'rous prime
He crowded ev'ry sail:
The swelling tide, the sportive breeze,
Lightly along the halcyon seas
His bounding pinnace bore;
In search of happiness the while
He steer'd by ev'ry fragrant isle,
And touch'd at ev'ry shore.

Ah me! to youth's ingenuous eye,
What charms the prospect wears:
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears.
There ev'ry object stands confess'd
In all the sweet advantage dress'd
Of Candour's radiant robe;
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the bus'ness of mankind,
And honour rules the globe.

But if those lights fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair,
If there be found for generous love
No soft asylum there,
If men fair Faith, fair Fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Interest's sordid shrine,
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of woe,
The melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliss be mine.

L.

EPITAPH.

How often wrong's our nomenclature,
How our names differ from our nature,
'Tis easy to discern;—
Here lies the quintessence of wit,
For mirth and humour none so fit,
And yet men call'd him—Stern-e.

Anonymous.

EPITAPH

On a Tomb erected to the memory of Doctor Rose.

WHOE'ER thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mould where ROSE reclines his head.
Ah! let not folly one kind tear deny,
But pensive pause, where truth and honour lie.
His the gay wit that fond attention drew,
Oft heard, and oft admir'd, yet ever new;
The heart that melted at another's grief;
The hand in secret that bestow'd relief;
Science untinctur'd with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules.
With zeal thro' life he toil'd in learning's cause,
But more, fair virtue, to promote thy laws.
His ev'ry action sought the noblest end;
The tender husband, father, brother, friend!
Perhaps, e'en now, from yonder realm of day,
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleas'd to behold affections like his own,
With filial duty raise this votive stone.

Chiswick Church-yard.

EPITAPH ON MR. WORTH,

A Gunner in the Navy.

WHOE'ER thou art, if here by wisdom led,
To view the silent mansions of the dead;
And search for truth from life's last mournful page,
Where malice stings not, nor where slanders rage;
Read on—no bombast swells these friendly lines,
Here truth unhonour'd, and unvarnish'd shines;
Where o'er yon sod an envious nettle creeps,
From care escap'd, an honest GUNNER sleeps;
As on he travell'd to life's sorrowing end,
Distress for ever claim'd him as a friend;
Orphans and widows were alike his care,
He gave with pleasure all he had to spare:
His match now burnt, expended all his priming,
He left this world and us without repining.
Deep in the earth his carcase is entomb'd,
Which love of grog for him had honeycomb'd;
Joking apart, retir'd from wind and weather,
Virtue and Worth are laid asleep together.

Minster Church-yard, Kent.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL WOLFE.

To the memory of
JAMES WOLFE,
Major-General and Commander in Chief of the
British Land forces
on an Expedition against Quebec,
who, after surmounting by ability and valour
all obstacles of art and nature,
was slain in the moment of victory on the 14th of
September, 1759.
The King and Parliament of Great Britain
dedicate this Monument.

Westminster Abbey.

AT WESTERHAM, KENT,

WHERE GENERAL WOLFE WAS BORN.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the artist grace the Soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave Youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the general tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

TO THE MOON.

THOU silent Moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tir'd and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, thy lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold;
Love *our* bosom seldom leaves;
But thou art of a diff'rent mould!
Hail, chaste queen! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;
Till, as I fear, some youthful star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
Hath left thee sick'ning, faint, and pale.

From an old MS.

TO A FRIEND REMONSTRATING.

Ah! chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love, long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answer'd with disdain.

Yes, I confess, 'tis poor, 'tis weak
To droop, to sit with folded arms,
To bear a fever in my cheek,
And sorrow for an ingrate's charms.

Yet let me still my cares retain,
Still droop, with folded arms still sigh;
Nor mock me that I still remain
The willing captive of her eye.

For Love, with all his keenest smart,
Divine enchantment mingles still;
And, while he fires the conquer'd heart,
He charms with many a pleasing thrill.

And tortur'd thus, thus doom'd to mourn,
I still must feed this cherish'd grief,
And could my peace once more return,
My heart would scorn the poor relief.

Then chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love, long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answer'd with disdain!

Bayley's Poems.

MODERN SONNET TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou! who ly'st so snug in this old box;
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
Oh! 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curl'd and powder'd, once it was thy lot
Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
And panorama's, and the Lord knows what!

Oh! thou hast heard e'en Madame Mara sing,
And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at court, was notic'd by the King,
Thy form was so commodious, and neat.

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slily hides thee in this lumber room!

Such is the fate of wigs! and mortals too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last!

Vain man! to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the diff'rence 'twixt thee and a wig!
How small, indeed! for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to dusters, and man turns to dust.

The Spirit of Public Journals.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

As now the shades of eve embrown
The scenes where pensive poets rove,
From care remote from envy's frown,
The joys of inward calm I prove.

What holy strains around me swell!
No wildly rude tumultuous sound;
They fix the soul with magic spell,
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.

Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
Sweet through the vale yon winding stream,
Sweet is the note Love's warblers sing,
But sweeter Friendship's soothing theme.

Matthias.

THE VISIONARY.

When midnight o'er the darken'd skies
Her pall of transient death had spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead:

No shivering ghost my way pursues,
No bloody shape my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest dy'd;
Ambition, all dissolv'd to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were friendship, truth, and love;
Oh! die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove.

Spencer.

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love,
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread,
The bard has liv'd, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,
How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day,
For, like the master of the lyre,
He too has liv'd, and pass'd away.

'Midst Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd,
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points, to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay;
Alas! while lives the song to charm,
All but the song has pass'd away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly through thine heart can steal
The thought refiu'd that bids thee sigh.
Not at thy will from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on, and mourn, thou gen'rous maid,
Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy—an hour renew.
Vain humbled man! must ev'ry pride,
All thy fond glories feel decay?
Must ev'ry boast, if once ally'd
To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
All that thy reas'ning mind rever'd;
In some lov'd maid thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul rever'd.
Oh, Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost *thou* too live—to pass away?

Smyth.

THE COMPLAINT.

A BALLAD.

REST, rest, dear babe! in balmy sleep reposing,
No care, no sorrow moves thy tranquil breast;
Rest, till the dawn thy gentle eyes unclosing
Shall wake that smile in which alone I'm blest.

Hush thee, sweet babe! let nought disturb thy slumbers,
Thy mother fondly o'er thy cradle hung,
Thus frames for thee the soothing fav'rite numbers,
For thee her vigils thus beguiles with song.

Alas! my child, for thee no father's bosom
Throbs to soft sympathy and fond alarm;
No shelt'ring arm protects thy tender blossom,
And screens its weakness from life's gath'ring storm.

In vain with tears and suppliant accents blended,
His infant seeks its sacred rights to claim;
Tho' truth and honour for those claims contended,
Honour and truth—to him—are but a name.

Vainly to him this faithful heart appealing,
Which passion's tend'rest, truest flame still warms,
Urges those oft-pledg'd vows, each gen'rous feeling,
Tho' now forgot—which gave me to his arms.

How can he thus forego the soft relations
That bind with mutual ties his soul to me,
How can he lose those ever-dear sensations
Which swell to rapture as I gaze on thee?

Oft o'er thy lovely form while pensive musing,
His smile, his features, with delight I trace,
Each painful thought in melting fondness losing,
I clasp his image in my child's embrace.

O may that pow'r who hears my sad lamenting,
And guards my nursling with a parent's eye,
Restore his heart, at nature's voice relenting,
To faith's firm bonds, and love's forgiving sigh.

Sleep on, dear babe! no thoughts like these oppress thee,
Mild innocence thy peaceful temples crowns;
No anxious doubts, no keen regrets distress thee,
No brooding care around thy cradle frowns.

Those tranquil looks suspend thy mother's anguish,
Those artless smiles her drooping heart sustain;
Victim of broken vows, tho' doom'd to languish,
She lives in THEE to peace and hope again.

Maria Riddell.

SIMILE

When shooting on Stapleford Moor.

YE wide-spread moors, and length'ning wastes!
O'er which I bend my devious way,
My mind a secret pleasure tastes,
As through your solitudes I stray.

For here neglected and forlorn
Some unknown blossom greets my sight;
Rears its fair head beneath the thorn,
Protected from th' autumnal blight.

But Winter now with hasty stride
Begins to desolate the plain,
And soon, ah soon! its vernal pride
Must fall beneath his iron reign.

So have I seen some village maid
In virgin charms and beauty drest,
The pride of some sequester'd shade,
With health and native virtue blest;

Till specious Love, with fraudful smile,
Soon robs her mind of wonted rest,
Nor joy, nor peace, her thoughts beguile,
And sorrow fills her artless breast.

Quick from her cheeks the roses fade,
No longer beams her sparkling eye,
By perjur'd vows and wiles betray'd,
She's left to languish, weep, and die.

C. S.

THE FALLING TOWER.

MARK ye the Tower whose lonely halls
Re-echo to yon falling stream?
Mark ye its bare and crumbling walls,
Where slowly fades the sinking beam?

There, oft, when eve in silent trance,
Hears the lorn redbreast's plaintive moan,
Time, casting round a cautious glance,
Heaves from its base some mould'ring stone.

There, tho' in Time's departed day,
War wav'd his glittering banners high;
Tho' many a minstrel pour'd the lay,
And many a beauty tranc'd the eye;

Yet never, midst the gorgeous scene,
Midst the proud feasts of splendid pow'r,
Shone on the pile a beam serene,
So bright as gilds its falling hour.

Oh! thus when life's gay scenes shall fade,
And pleasure lose its wonted bloom,
When creeping age shall bare my head,
And point to me the silent tomb;

Then may Religion's hallow'd flame
Shed on my mind its mildest ray;
And bid it seek in purer frame
One bright Eternity of Day.

County Magazine.

TO A LADY SINGING.

O, CAN that heart untouch'd remain
By all love's pleasures, all love's pain,
When, while thou sing'st another's woes,
Thy cheek with deeper crimson glows;
When, as thou wak'st the feeling strain,
Through ev'ry clear translucent vein,
That strays amid thy forehead's snow,
The streams of life more swiftly flow;

When, mix'd with many a passion'd sigh,
Upon thy lips the accents die;
When sweeter languors, softer dews,
Those twin bright orbs of light suffuse?

And I have seen thy bosom's snow
Throb with the luxury of woe;
And I have mark'd th' impassion'd glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance;
And felt the poison of thine eye;
And drank the magic of thy sigh;
And, as the sweet infection stole
Through all my veins, and fir'd my soul,
I wish'd one timid glance might tell
How deep I felt the subtile spell.
Then, Lady, sing of love again;
And while thou wak'st the feeling strain,
While, mix'd with many a passion'd sigh,
Upon thy lips the accents die;
And while again thy bosom's snow
Throbs with the luxury of woe,
O, pour on me the thrilling glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance—
And if I dare one look to steal,
That look shall tell thee all I feel;
And, Lady, then thine alter'd eye
Shall feed my hopes, or bid them die.

Bayley's Poems.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BENEATH this hillock's narrow bound
A lovely infant lies;
'Till the last trump shall shake the ground,
And roll away the skies.

Some pitying angel view'd the fair,
In innocence array'd,
And snatch'd her from each future snare,
The world and guilt had laid.

From all the chequer'd ills below
MARY secure shall sleep;
Her little heart no pang shall know;
Her eyes no more shall weep.

When thousands, rising from the dust,
Shall tremble as they rise,
This smiling saint without distrust
Shall upwards lift her eyes.

Let sorrow for her early doom
No more in silence sigh;
But Hope, that points beyond the tomb,
Bid ev'ry tear be dry.

Collection of Epitaphs.

TRIBUTE

To the memory of a deceased Friend.

MORTAL, from yon lower sphere,
Ere eternal joys thou share,
Are thy earthly duties done,
Husband, father, friend, and son?

Hast thou o'er a parent's head
Drops of filial fondness shed?
What, the pleasure hast thou prov'd,
'Tis to love, and be belov'd?

Hast thou, with delighted eyes,
Seen thy num'rous offspring rise?
Hast thou in the paths of truth
Led their inexperienc'd youth?

Did'st thou e'er in sadness bend
O'er the sorrows of a friend?
Did'st thou hasten, unappall'd,
When thy sinking country call'd?

Husband, father, friend, and son,
Well thy journey hast thou run;
Life has known its best employ,
Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy.

EPITAPH ON A CLERGYMAN.

LAMENTED shade, if in the silent grave
The sound of human voice was ever heard;
Or, if the gates of death fast barr'd not out
All lovely converse with our friends on earth;
How loudly would'st thou hear thy loss bewail'd;
How gently would the notes of well-earn'd praise
Sooth thy departed spirit, and cheer thy soul
With the sweet solace that reflection draws
From a long train of goodly, virtuous deeds,
That ran in quick succession on: till when
That awful despot of the human race
Stopp'd their career, and humbled to the dust
No trembling sinner, but a fearless mind,
Arm'd with the shield of conscious rectitude,
By all lamented, as by all rever'd.
And while I twine the mournful cypress wreath,
Wet with thy widow's and thy children's tears,
Around thy hallow'd bier, with filial care,
I mingle ivy flow'rs, that, while alive,
Bloom'd with such classic lustre on thy brow.
Ye flocks, whose great salvation was his pride,
Hither repair, and o'er your shepherd's tomb
Shed grateful tears of woe, for, in his death
You've lost a sacred minister of truth,
Who taught you well, and what he taught believ'd.

Collection of Epitaphs.

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Gem of this lone and silent vale,
Treasure of ev'ning's pensive hour,
I come thy modest light to hail!
I come a votive strain to pour:
Nor chilly dews, nor paths untrod,
Can from thy shrine my footsteps fright:
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
And cheer the gath'ring mists of night.
Again thy yellow fire impart!—
Lo, planets shed a mimic day!
Lo, vivid meteors round me dart!
On western clouds red lightnings play!
But vain these splendid fires to me,
Borne on the season's sultry wing,
Unless thy slender form I see
Around its fairy lustre fling.
Thine is an unobtrusive blaze;
Content art thou in shades to shine;
And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
To make thy modest merit mine;
For long by youth's wild wishes cast
On the false world's tempestuous sea,
I seek retirement's shore at last,
And find a monitor in thee.

County Magazine.

ODE TO CHARITY.

O THOU! whose eye of smiling love
Outshines the regent of the day;
Whose bosom no rude tumults move,
Whose form no pencil can portray;
So bright thine eye, thy form so fair,
Beauty herself seems station'd there.

Hail, Charity! thou fairest, best,
Adorn'd with virtue's peerless crown:
And wont, array'd in simple vest,
To beam with lustre of thine own.
Still let thy breast with rapture glow,
But spare a sigh for human woe.

Sweeter thy breath than gales that play
Where summer flow'rs their odours fling;
Nor is so soft the voice of May,
With all the choir of tuneful spring;
The smile, that on thy cheek is seen,
Bespeaks a paradise within.

Oh! still thy sacred form display;
Near thee a balm shall sorrow find;
Still, like the golden orb of day,
Reign the warm friend of human kind!
And let thine hand to all impart,
Fair emblems of an open heart.

Ibid.

ODE TO MR. PACKWOOD.

COME, muse, and seize the trump of fame,
To sing great Packwood's growing name,
No king deserves it louder—
Then swell your deep sonorous voice,
To him who mortals bids rejoice;
And seek his strap and powder!

Oh! had'st thou flourish'd in an age,
When ev'ry hero, saint, and sage,
Like modern Psalmanazor,
Their hairy honours wore at length,
And ev'ry beard was gaining strength,
For want of patent razor!

Then Barbarossa's fiery chin,
And Blue-beard's, so renown'd in sin,
Had been as smooth as satin;
And odes that only now are sung
To praise thee in thy mother tongue,
Had then been made in latin.

No more shall love-lorn Damon seek
The dimples of his Chloe's cheek,
With beard like Neb'chadnazzar—
Since once he's had the lucky hap,
On Packwood's wond'rous chemic strap
To whet his dullest razor.

No more shall he with anguish grin;
No more shall smart his mangled chin,
Thanks to thy strap so famous!
A strap which gives the face such ease,
Might e'en a mighty monarch please,
When shav'd by Billy Ramus.

Could'st thou in France thy razor's grind,
Thy talents there would surely find
'Mongst lawgivers a station.
Smooth as thy strap their chins would feel—
Thou'dst sharpen for the public weal
The razor of the nation!

Oh! could'st thou, by a lucky hit,
Find out a strap to sharpen wit!
(Tho' high thy present state is)
Then would'st thou make a monarch smile,
The ruler of a sea-girt isle,
And get a patent gratis.

Then would the spreading voice of fame,
With Paracelsus rank thy name,
And other great gold-finders—
The long-sought philosophic stone
Become, without dispute, thy own,
Thou prince of Razor Grinders.

I. W. T.

BALLAD.

Oh! tarry gentle traveller;
Oh, tarry now at setting day;
Nor haste to leave this lowly vale,
For lofty mountains far away.

Oh! tell me what has tempted thee
Thro' woods and dreary wilds to roam?
Oh! tell me what has tempted thee
To quit thy lot and peaceful home?

Say, hast thou not a partner dear,
That's constant to thy love, and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful side,
Nor cast one sorrowing look behind?

Yon sun that gilds the village spire,
And gaily flings his parting ray,
Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
Thy native village far away?

Does mad ambition lure thy steps
To wander in the paths of strife?
Ah, think how soon thy moments fly!
Ah, think how short thy span of life!

For life is like yon crimson beam
That trembles in the western skies;
Full soon, alas! its glories cease;
It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

Oh! waste not then thy fleeting hours
In foreign climes and paths unknown;
Return thee to thy happy plains
That bounteous nature made thy own.

For me, nor gold, nor princely pow'r,
Nor purple vest, nor stately dome,
Nor all that trophy'd grandeur boasts,
Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

This rustic cot and silent shade
Shall evermore my dwelling be;
E'en when my destin'd days are spent
I'll rest beneath yon aged tree.

Besides the brook a simple stone
Shall serve to guard my cold remains,
And tell the pilgrims as they pass,
I dy'd amidst my native plains.

Return then, gentle traveller;
Return thee with the morning ray;
Nor leave again thy lowly vale,
For lofty mountains far away.

I. W. T.

ELEGY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No more I wander the muse-haunted grove,
Where deeds of glory swell the epic strain,
Or where the raptures of requited love
Wake the sweet numbers of th' impassion'd swain.

For, ah! how transient love's endearing joy,
The richest boon of fav'ring heaven to man;
And what ambition, but an infant's toy,
To minds that ponder life's contracted span?

Then come, Reflection, nymph of sober mien,
Who rov'd beneath the yew tree's shade with Gray;
Teach me to meditate the solemn scene,
As pensive thro' the long drawn aisles I stray.

Here oft has Britain's royal pageant pass'd,
And titl'd pride her gaudy charms display'd;
Here wou'd the crowd with pagan ardour haste
T' adore the idol that their folly made.

Yet, a few season's fled, the train return'd,
With hearts untouch'd, to mimic sorrow's gloom;
With woe's grimmace the pompous herald mourn'd,
And lavish'd flatt'ry o'er the senseless tomb.

Here jarring statesmen meet, once haughty foes,
Who spurn'd indignant at a rival's pow'r;
There beauty withers like the blushing rose,
The fragrant pride of summer's transient hour.

The votive song to Delia's vernal bloom,
Vibrates to rapture on her deafen'd ear;
Ev'n proud ambition stoops beneath a tomb,
And pleasure's syren voice is silent there.

Dumb, too, the minstrel's harp, whose magic lays
Arous'd the valiant breast to deeds of fame;
Yet time shall spare the virtuous poet's praise,
And age to age repeat his honour'd name.

Yet here, till wisdom fly the British coast,
Oft-times the musing moralist shall come,
Heedless of grandeur's monumental boast,
To seek, good Addison, thy humble tomb.

And long thy precepts, with resistless pow'r,
Shall lure the wand'rer to the shrine of truth;
Chase puerile folly from life's ev'ning-hour,
And whisper caution to impetuous youth.

Nor view'd with careless eye the recent grave
Of Johnson, moral mentor of our age,
Tho' mark'd by superstition for her slave,
Tho' bigotry deform th' historic page.

Lo! where the sage, by list'ning crowds rever'd,
Whose well-earn'd honours grateful science paid,
And chiefs whose prowess steel-clad legions fear'd,
Repose alike in death's oblivious shade.

No victor's shout, no soothing voice of fame,
Shall pierce the gloomy caverns of the ground;
But darkness there her silent empire claim,
Till nature hear the trump celestial sound.

And is it thus the various ranks of men,
The mean, the wise, the tyrant, and the slave,
Whate'er thro' devious life their paths had been,
All meet at last, associates in the grave?

Then why shou'd pen'ry mourn her lowly birth,
Or titl'd pride assume the brow of scorn
From life's last scene, since all but moral worth
Flies like night visions at the song of morn?

Hence let ambition's vot'ries fondly dream
Of wealth's heap'd treasures, and the dome of state,
At honour's shrine indulge the airy scheme,
Or crowd obsequious round preferment's gate.

Be rather mine, to bend in Virtue's fane,
Her cares, her duties, and her joys to know;
The sigh of want to hear, the shriek of pain,
And with compassion's gen'rous warmth to glow.

Be mine, Religion, of thy hope possess'd,
Tranquil to finish life's eventful hour,
My mem'ry dear to some congenial breast,
My sod by Friendship strew'd with many a flow'r.

County Magazine.

SWEETNESS.

AN ODE.

Of damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the bosom of the fair
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly powers of wit
In blithe assemblage play;
There ev'ry social virtue sheds
Its intellectual ray.

But as the sun's refulgent light
Heaven's wide expanse refines,
With sov'reign lustre through the soul
Celestial Sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
And sparkles in the face;
It harmonizes ev'ry thought,
And heightens ev'ry grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,
The heaving sigh restrain;
Can make the bed of sickness please,
And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,
The tyrant's pity move;
To smiles convert the wildest rage,
And melt the soul to love.

When Sweetness beams upon the throne
In Majesty benign,
The awful splendours of a crown
With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
Where melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
The dreary gloom dispels.

Thus, when the blooming spring returns
To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air, with genial warmth,
Etherial mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright, auspicious beams,
No boist'rous passions rise;
Moroseness quits the peaceful scene,
And baleful discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,
  A thousand virtues glow;
A smiling train of joys appear,
  And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded Charity displays
  Her sympathizing charms;
And Friendship's pure seraphic flame
  The gen'rous bosom warms.

Almighty Love exerts his power,
  And spreads with secret art
A soft sensation through the frame,
  And transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of Age, which cloud
  Each gleam of heart-felt joy,
And blast the gaudy flower's pride,
  These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years,
  And all those graces fly;
The beauty of thy heav'nly mind
  Shall length of days defy.

Robertson.

VERSES

To a Young Lady at the door of her carriage in Hyde Park.

WILT thou, wilt thou really fly
From vanity and folly,
And quit their pomp without a sigh,
My own dear Dolly?

And wilt thou, wilt thou then forsake
What all the world's admiring,
Old men their last-lov'd object make,
And young grow old acquiring?

From out this gaudy harness'd coach
Wilt thou step gently down?
To meet thy lover's meek approach,
Break through the gazing town?

And to the silent valley move
With me, and melancholy;
There live and die in lonely love,
My own dear Dolly?

Skene.

THE MID-WATCH,

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ACTION.

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again:
But, when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,
Think only—should the day be won!
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their own dear sailor he was one.

And thus, brave tar, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore; some pretty girl, and true!
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sigh to think how it may fare with you:
Oh, when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only—should the day be won!
How 'twould cheer
Her heart to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

Naval Chronicle.

ON THE VIEW OF A SHIPWRECK FROM THE SHORE.

The wild winds roar, a moment ceas'd,
A dreadful pause succeeds;
The shriek of terror strikes the ear.
The heart with pity bleeds.

No human aid can interpose,
The shatter'd bark to save;
The 'whelming waves resistless fill
The sailor's wat'ry grave.

No more the tender ties of home,
Shall meet their blest return:
The wife, the parent, and the child,
Through many a day shall mourn.

The stormy night shall wake their woes
From some delusive dream,
When oft to their fond arms restor'd
The long lost friend shall seem—

The friend with whom, in early years,
Their happiest hours were known,
Whether by youthful sports endear'd,
Or kindred claims their own.

Within the deep profound they rest,
Far from their native shore,
Till future ages pass away,
And man shall weep no more.

Naval Chronicle.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man:

"Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;—
But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,—
But when shall Spring visit the mould'ring urn,
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

Beattie.

THE LAWS OF THE ROAD.

THE Laws of the Road are a paradox quite,
For when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the left you'll be sure to be right,
If you keep to the right you'll be wrong.

Museum of Wit.

IDYLLIUM.

THE PRISON.

O, WELCOME, Debtor! in these walls
Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego,
Approach; a brother Debtor calls,
And join the family of woe!

Did Fortune, with her frowning brow,
Thy late and early toils withstand?
Or slander strike the fatal blow,
Or griping us'ry's iron hand?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
While weeping babes surround her bed,
Peep through, and see the fetters bind
Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread?

Does she in vain on knees that bend,
The marble heart of wealth implore?
Breathless pursue some flying friend,
Or beat in vain the closing door?

Look up, and share our scanty meal;
For us some brighter hours may flow;
Some angel break these bolts of steel,
For HOWARD marks, and feels our woe.

Dr. Darwin.

LOVE ELEGY.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul its wonted rest;—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart knawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour:
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled heath
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine;
Then with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs resign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie lightly on my breast?

Smollet.

*** The author of a poem called "The Recantation" had seen the above Elegy; the similarity of the last stanza of both poems is too striking to doubt this conclusion. See vol. I.

RONDEAU.

By two black eyes my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was more undone!
To Celia with my suit I came,
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
With two black eyes!

Anonymous.

THE NUN.

AN ELEGY.

With each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure op'ning on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope subdued, each wish resign'd,
Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths, thy birth ~~and fortune~~ strew with flow'rs?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thy erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lids steal,
And smiling heav'n illumes thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never canst repeal.

Yet if misled by false entitled friends,
Who say—" That Peace, with all her comely train,
From starry regions to this clime descends,
Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

" That vestals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
Approv'd of innocence, by health caress:
That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast."

Suspect their syren song, and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thoughts conceal!
Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile,
And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of power, affects the imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing mem'ry acts her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurement on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest;
E'en at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand!

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice?
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around.

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng.

The golden censers, toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odours shed:
Of meek ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardour glow'd in ev'ry vein:
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heav'ns unsullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void:
E'er since, alas! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome, to misery allied.

No wak'ning joy informs my sullen breast,
Thro' op'ning skies no radiant seraph smiles,
No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest,
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view;
The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
When, having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
Th' unhappy moments of each future day:
When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
My joy-deserted soul wou'd pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
The cloister'd scene in all its horrors drest,
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold,
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! she might not—her relentless lord
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear,
So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou, who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And given (oh, tort'ring thought!) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh, haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom!
In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear:
And Galia's laws have rivetted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censer-breathing saints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare,
Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow;
From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
This stream, Ophelia, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
As thro' the lengthening aisle they take their way;
A glimm'ring taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh:
Ev'n then, no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a father's eye.

 Anonymous.

THE MOURNING MAID.

Say, faded maid, why thy pale beauty wears,
In gloomy contrast, that dark suit of woe;
And why, with lavish gush, thy frequent tears
That little painted semblance thus o'erflow.

Why rov'st thou sad beneath the willow's shade,
Whose down-cast boughs these lonely waters lave?
And why, as oft thy wand'ring foot is staid,
View'st thou, with wishful gaze, the fatal wave?

Lo! 'tis the blooming morning of the year!
Lo, blander suns light up the glorious sky!
O'er all the glowing fields the flowers appear,
And new-clad woods swell beauteous on the eye!

'Tis Nature's revel! all her works rejoice!
Gay laughs the landscape, all that lives is gay!
Light bound the flocks! the birds exalt their voice!
And all things shout, and bless delightful May!

Join the gay jubilee of earth and skies,
And let thine heart to rapture tune its strings!
Why from thy lips thus flow dissentient sighs,
While all around exulting Nature sings?

" Go, talk of spring to other eyes than mine!
Insulted sorrow loathes the wanton scene:
'Tis nought to me that suns more kindly shine,
That skies are azure, or that fields are green.

" Alike to me, if low'rs or smiles the day;
If snows deface, or flowers adorn the plains;
My frozen breast admits no genial ray;
There winter, everlasting winter, reigns!

" Yon ample roof of heaven, thou deem'st so fair,
Where thy pleas'd eyes such gladsome splendours see,
Though the broad arch its proudest glories wear,
Is but a cavern's darksome vault to me!

" No use have I for all this flood of light:
No more for me the lamps of day arise:
The only form, that now could charm my sight,
No sun can show to these abandon'd eyes!

" This throbbing heart, of softest feelings made,
A heart that answer'd all its feelings found:
Nor wants cold blast our blissful loves forbade,
Nor adverse kindred on our union frown'd:

" But, 'tis an iron world: 'tis wild to look
For gentler hours of love and gladness here:
This rocking scene thro' all its frame is shook,
And peace inhabits in some other sphere.

" The friends of strife have bid me smile no more;
They rais'd the storm that overcast my day;
War's odious garb my luckless lover wore;
The trumpet rent him from these arms away.

" Each battles course with pausing breath I read;
Scarce could mine eyes the dread perusal dare:
But when I clos'd the list of them that bled,
How leapt my heart, when Edward was not there!

" Not long it leapt; the destin'd stroke was dealt:
The victim's blood soon stain'd the fatal steel:
Deep in my soul the sword's keen edge I felt,
And took the wound, nor art nor time shall heal!

" Oh! curst be he, amid the barb'rous strife,
Whose impious weapon laid an angel low!
But doubly curst the foes to love and life,
Who bade the crimson sea begin to flow!

" On this small tablet smiles his beauty still!
In his mild eye what gentle lustres play!
Oh! what was he, who such a form could kill!
A form, to charm a fury's rage away?

" Then mock not me with this gay painted ball,
That looks for pleasure's smiling mansion made;
Ah! what, though nature kindly shine on all!
Man stands between, and flings on all his shade!

" O'er my dimm'd scene a total gloom is thrown!
Where not the feeblest rays of comfort shine!
A night, in which no cheering star is known,
A night, that hopes no joyful morn, is mine!

" This is the cause my pallid figure wears,
In gloomy contrast, this dark suit of woe;
Hence, hence it is my frequent-gushing tears
This little pictur'd image thus o'erflow!

" For this I rove beneath these willows' shade,
Whose boughs dejected these lone waters lave:
For this, as oft my wand'ring foot is staid,
I view, with wishful gaze, the fatal wave."

Fawcett's War Elegies.

LIFE.

LIFE! the dear precarious boon!
Soon we lose, alas, how soon!
Fleeting visions, falsely gay!
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision! how it fades!
Let the muse in fancy's glass
Catch the phantoms as they pass.
See they rise! a nymph behold!
Careless, wanton, young, and bold:

Mark her devious hasty pace,
Antic dress, and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth, and vain surprise,—
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder, and her joy;
This is Folly, childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side.
What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow,
Bright, and blushing as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born?
Shafts, to pierce the strong, I view,
Wings, the flying to pursue;
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free,
Speaks his mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,
Youth in vain is wise, or brave;
Love, with conscious pride, defies
All the brave, and all the wise.
Who art thou, with anxious mien,
Stealing o'er the shifting scene!
Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step, and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;
Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
Like thyself, who walks with thee?

Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows;
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest,
Anxious, busy, restless pair!
Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care.
Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, close the prospect here!
Close it, or recall the past,
Spare my eyes, my heart the last.
Vain the wish! the last appears,
While I gaze it swims in tears;
Age—my future self—I trace,
Moving slow with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears;
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.
Death, the shadowy form I know!
Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
Swift they vanish—mournful sight!
Night succeeds, impervious night!
What these dreadful glooms conceal
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal;
When shall time the veil remove?
When shall light the scene improve?
When shall truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period! who can tell?

Dr. Hawksworth.

THE PASSING-BELL.

COME, honest Sexton, take thy spade,
And let my grave be quickly made:
Thou still art ready for the dead,
Like a kind host to make my bed.
I now am come to be thy guest,
Let me in some dark lodging rest,
For I am weary, full of pain,
And of my pilgrimage complain.
On Heaven's decree I waiting lie,
And all my wishes are to die.
Hark! I hear my passing-bell,
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell!

Make my cold bed, good Sexton, deep,
That my poor bones may safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a voice shall say,
"Wake all ye dead, lift up your eyes,
The great Creator bids you rise!"
Then do I hope among the just
To shake off this polluted dust;
And, with new robes of glory drest,
To have access among the blest.
Hark! I hear my passing-bell,
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell!

Anonymous.

A TALE.

ERE Saturn's sons were yet disgrac'd,
Whilst heathen gods were all the taste,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once with serious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)
The world by three foul fiends possest:
Pale Discord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he sent his summons high,
And call'd a senate of the sky.
Round as the winged orders prest,
Jove thus his sacred mind exprest:
" Say, which of all the shining train
Will Virtue's conflict hard sustain?
For see! she drooping takes her flight,
While not a god supports her right."
He paus'd—when, from amid the sky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,
With one united zeal arose,
The triple tyrants to oppose.
That instant from the realms of day
With gen'rous speed they take their way;
To Britain's isle direct their car,
And enter'd with the ev'ning star.

Beside the road a mansion stood,
Defended by a circling wood;
Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend;
Nor vain their hope; for records say,
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away;
They urge the traveller's common chance,
And ev'ry piteous plea advance:
The artful tale that Wit had feign'd,
Admittance easy soon obtain'd.

The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The first, with gentlest manners blest,
And temper sweet, each heart possest;
Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame;
And soft Amasia was her name.
In sprightly sense and polish'd air,
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,
Did unresisted love inspire.

Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in ev'ry face appear:
The song, the tale, the jest went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring, and admir'd,
The hosts and guests at length retir'd;

When Wit thus spoke her sister train:
"My friends, our errand is but vain—
Quick let us measure back the sky;
These nymphs alone may well supply
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony."

Melmoth.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark,
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But, then, how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n,
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet);
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With conscious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Dr. Cotton.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when ev'ning scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

Thomson.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION IN THE FIELD.

With toilsome steps when I pursue
O'er breaking clods the ploughshare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native dissoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To Thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee I came
To manhood, through youth's dang'rous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for awhile, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
The path to life, which all must tread.

Addison.

THE POOR PILGRIM.

Stop, passenger, whoe'er thou art,
Compassion in thy breast may glow;
And if thou canst not alms impart,
From pity some relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou hast prov'd,
List to my tale, and feel for me;
And if thou e'er hast fondly lov'd,
Let love my vindication be.

An outcast from an affluent home,
Where Peace her downy wings display'd,
Mournful and pennyless I roam—
My all within this basket laid.

Forsaken by the man I lov'd,
The man I foolishly believ'd,
I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Discarded by parental scorn,
Betray'd by him whom I adore,
A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
Relief from strangers I implore.

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
Can pity to the frail extend;
If you, for those who e'er can feel,
When spurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Assist a pilgrim on her way,
Whose stock of bread is stale and low:
Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
Warms my faint heart, or melts the snow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
I sink beneath affliction's storm,
And soon my shame and grief shall end.

For sharper than the northern blast,
Are the repentant pangs I prove:
Hard is my fate to mourn and fast;
But harder still—to die of love.

Addison's Anecdotes.

TO THE MEMORY OF A SPANIEL.

WELL hast thou earn'd this little space,
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd,
For, truest of a faithful race,
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,
The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,
'Till warmer felt the scented gale,
Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alike the woodcock's dreary haunt
Thou knew to find amidst the shade;
Ne'er did thy tongue redoubled chaunt,
But, *mark!* quick echo'd through the glade.

Rest then assur'd, that mortals can
Draw moral from thy story here:
Happy, if so employ'd the span
Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the meddling world around,
Few do their proper parts sustain;
How rare the instance to be found
Of truth amongst the motley train!

Rev. W. B. Daniel.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds: embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins!
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:

Rich hated: wise suspected: scorn'd if poor:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high still envy'd more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "The Fair,"
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs: be call'd Great Master
In the loose rhymes of ev'ry poetaster:
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would those gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face:
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:

Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

Sir H. Wotton.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS LENNOX.

So blooms the rose, when vernal gales
Their soft enliv'ning influence shed:
So when a noxious blast prevails,
It droops and all its beauties fade.

Ah! short-liv'd flower, ah! hapless fair!
Alike your charms, alike their date!
Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
Sweet victim of an early fate.

Say, shall th' impassion'd bosom grieve
At angry heav'ns too partial doom,
That blasted all our hopes, and gave
Thy spring of beauty to the tomb?

Or shall we, with faith's steady eye,
View thee thy kindred angels join;
An inmate of thy native sky,
Whilst heav'n's eternal year is thine?

Addison's Anecdotes.

TO THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF WANT AND MISERY.

WHILE thro' the waste of frost and snow,
Shiv'ring and starving now we go,
O cast a tender eye!
For this good end your wealth was giv'n;
You are the delegates of Heav'n,
To stop the heart-felt sigh!

While cloth'd in fur you stand elate,
You cannot feel our wretched state,
You cannot form our woe;
Yet must each sympathetic breast,
When once it hears how we're distress'd,
And how forlorn we go.

When cold and hunger both prevail,
And both with equal force assail
To wound a mortal frame,
Bring to each mind a horrid view,
A scene as horrid as 'tis true,
And almost wants a name.

The parent hears his offspring cry,
The children watch the parent's eye,
And catch the falling tear;
They echo back each dismal groan,
'Till soon one universal moan
And sorrow rends the air.

Tho' worthless objects may be found,
Who justly feel the piercing wound,
Yet be their faults their own;
Leave them to Heav'n, while you dispense
Those blessings you've receiv'd from thence,
And gain th' immortal crown.

How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
How many blessings not in vain,
Unworthily bestow'd!
From morn to night, from night to day,
Poor Want and Misery will pray,
To bless the great and good.

Addison's Anecdotes.

IMPROMPTU

TO MR. HENRY SNART, WRITING-MASTER, NEWARK.

THREE beauties once so dimm'd young Paris' eyes,
He hardly knew which best deserv'd the prize;
But had the apple been a golden pen,
And you had wrote against a world of men,
He'd giv'n the honour where 'twas justly due,
And cry'd, oh! SNART, this pen belongs to you.

George Downing, Comedian.

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow's fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine,
Lie afar beyond her line:
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicest plenty crown'd.

Here, on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree,
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth:
Fruits refin'd of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise:
Now, upon some shining top,
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul;
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are:

Ships that trace the wat'ry stage,
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts nor horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence;
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store,
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

Watts.

SONG.

When the shades of night pursuing,
O'er the ruffled billows creep,
The sailor oft the gloom reviewing,
Cheerless wanders o'er the deep.
Haply then in splendour rolling,
From the realms of parted day,
The cloudless moon his peace restoring,
Mounts and guides him on his way.

Julia, thus, when hope retreating,
Yields to care my tortur'd breast;
When my heart with anguish beating,
Sinks with cold despair oppress'd;
One soft smile thy lips disclosing,
Bids the wild emotions cease;
One kind glance my breast composing,
Stills my heart, and all is peace.

Monthly Magazine.

ODE.

FERREUM credis mihi pectus? Ah si
Semper obducto riguisset ære!
Tum nec exactæ mea mens doloret
Gaudia vitæ.

Me nec aversum quereretur amens
Nymphaquæ sese viduata deflet,
Meque mordaci nimium fidelem
Voce lacessit.

Ipsa testetur vaga luna nostrum,
Dum jubar purum per inane manat,
Vana luserunt quoties amoris
Somnia mentem.

Illa dum cælo tacito niteret,
Audiit nostræ gemitum querelæ;
Sæpe non fictæ fuit illa flammæ
Conscia nostræ.

Priscus et jamjam calor ille vivit;
Sæpe desertam recolo Camillam,
Et mihi mæstæ facies puellæ
Sæpe recursat.

Perge me diris onerare verbis,
Et licet linguâ male provocaris
Me tuæ nunquam meminisse formæ.
Chara pigebit.

TRANSLATION
OF THE FOREGOING ODE.

And dost thou think my heart is hard?
In solid brass, oh! were it bound,
Then should I look, with light regard,
On life's short joys, all fleeting sound!

Then should no fond complaining maid,
(The pangs of absence doom'd to prove)
My ever-faithful breast upbraid
With all her woes of slighted love!

How oft has wand'ring Luna's beam,
Slow stealing o'er the cloudless sky,
Beheld bright Love's delusive dream
Wanton before my mental eye!

How oft, the silent heav'ns along,
What time in radiant pomp she shone,
To her I pour'd my plaintive song,
And made my faithful passion known.

Still, still my wonted warmth remains,
Camilla, still remains for thee;
Fancy thy long-lost form retains,
Thy sorrowing looks methink I see!

With deep reproach my soul invade,
And though thy harsh words wound my ear,
Ne'er shall it grieve me, gentle maid,
That mem'ry held thy beauties dear!

County Magazine.

TO SOLITUDE.

Far from Ambition's selfish train,
Where Av'rice rules the busy day,
And patient Folly "hugs his chain,"
Enslav'd by Custom's ruthless sway,
Lead me, calm spirit! to some still retreat,
Where silence shares with thee the blooming mead,
Save when at distance heard, in cadence sweet,
The village minstrel tunes his simple reed.
There, free from cares, from jarring passions free,
Oft may I strike the lyre, sweet Solitude! to thee.

When orient morn, in blushing pride,
Profusely sheds the glist'ning dew,
Oft let me climb the mountain's side,
And raptur'd mark the vary'd view.

When Noon directs on earth his parching ray,
  Then let me find the cool, the peaceful shade,
Form'd by embow'ring oaks, in firm array,
  O'er some small stream that rustles thro' the glade.
Thither let Fancy lead her magic band,
And o'er my senses wave her soul-entrancing wand.

  But when at eve the curfew's knell
    Winds slowly thro' the dusky grove,
  Pensive I'll seek the rural cell,
    Or midst the gloom in silence rove;
And when from village spire the solemn toll
  Yields its sad tribute to the breathless clay,
As calm reflection steals upon my soul,
  The tear unmark'd shall take its silent way;
And mournful, oft I'll cull the vi'let's bloom,
Heave the sad sigh, and dress the clay-clad tomb.

  When Midnight spreads her blackest robe,
    And shrouds in sullen mists the sky;
  When terror rules the silent globe,
    And phantoms mock the fearful eye;
Parent of all! whose voice the winds obey,
  The raving ocean, and the black'ning storm,
Yet stoop'st to guide the sparrow on its way,
  And shed'st thy mercy on the struggling worm!
To thee, great God! to thee my voice I'll raise;
Trembling I'll strike the lyre, and hymn thy boundless praise.

County Magazine.

TO A LADY
WHO LOVED DANCING.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise—
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance?
That human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common.
David himself, that god-like king,
We know could dance, as well as sing.
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Must dance the year attendance round.
Whole nations dance, gay frisky France
Has led the nation many a dance:
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.

All nature is one ball, we find,
The water dances to the wind;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and capers to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheshire round in buxom red;
The earth and planets round the sun
All dance; nor will their dance be done
Till Nature in one mass is blended,
Then we may say, the ball is ended.

Burnet.

THE MOURNER.

Come smiles, come gay attire, and hide
The anguish rankling in my breast!
I'll lay my sable garb aside,
And seem to *cold* enquirers blest—

Yes, I will happy triflers join,
As when grief's dart beside me flew,
And love and all its joys were mine,
And sorrow but by name I knew;
Ere death had seal'd the cruel doom,
Which call'd my Henry to the tomb.—

Hard was the stroke!—but oh, I hate
The sacred pomp of grief to shew,
Thron'd in my breast, in secret state
Shall live the rev'rend form of woe!
For observation would degrade
The homage to her empire paid.

I hate the tear which pity gives,
I'm jealous of her curious eye—
The only balm my heart receives,
Is from my own unheeded sigh,
When veil'd in night, to sleep a foe,
I bend before the throne of woe.—

A face of smiles, a heart of tears!
So, in the church-yard, realm of death,
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is pale and dead beneath.

Amelia.

MORAL REFLECTIONS

Written in the Autumn.

In fading grandeur, lo! the trees
Their tarnish'd honours shed,
While ev'ry leaf-compelling breeze
Lays their pale verdure dead.

Ere long the genial breath of spring
Shall all their charms renew;
And flow'r and fruit, and foliage bring,
All pleasing to the view.

Thus round and round the seasons roll,
In one harmonious course;
And pour conviction on the soul
With unremitting force.

Not such is man's appointed fate,
One spring alone he knows;
One summer, one autumnal state,
One winter's dead repose.

Yet not the icy hand of death
  Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy;
But he shall draw immortal breath,
  In endless pain or joy.

Important thought!—O mortal, hear
  On what thy peace depends:
The voice of Truth invites thine ear,
  And this the voice she sends:

"When virtue glows with youthful charms,
  How bright the vernal skies!
When virtue like the summer warms,
  What golden harvests rise!

"When vices spring without controul,
  What bitter fruits appear!
A wintry darkness marks the soul,
  And horrors close the year.

"Let youth to virtue's shrine repair,
  And men their tribute bring;
Old age shall lose its load of care,
  And death shall lose its sting.

"Borne upwards on seraphic wing,
  Their happy souls shall soar,
And there enjoy eternal spring,
  Nor fear a winter more."

Miss Carter.

THE EVER-GREEN.

When tepid breezes fann'd the air,
And violets perfum'd the glade,
Pensive and grave my charming fair
Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flourish, said I, those favour'd boughs,
And ever sooth the purest flames!
Witness to none but faithful vows!
Wounded by none but faithful names!

Yield ev'ry tree that crowns the grove
To this which pleas'd my wand'ring dear!
Range where you will, ye bands of love,
Ye still shall *seem* to revel here.

Lavinia smil'd—and whilst her arm
Her fair reclining head sustain'd,
Betray'd she felt some fresh alarm;
And thus the meaning smile explain'd:

"When summer suns shine forth no more,
Will then this lime its shelter yield?
Protect us when the tempests roar,
And winter drives us from the field?

" Yet faithful then the fir shall last—
I smile," she cry'd, " but ah ! I tremble,
To think when my fair season's past,
Which Damon then will most resemble."

THE ANSWER.

Too tim'rous maid, can time or chance
A pure ingenuous flame controul ?
O lay aside that tender glance,
That melts my frame, that kills my soul.

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
Frail origin of female sway !
My flame, like other flames inspir'd,
Might then like other flames decay :

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
Thy soul's unfading charms be seen,
Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
Yet find thy swain—an ever-green.

THE PLAY-THING CHANGED.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
Syren-like, first caught my fancy;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs most languishing and dying;
Calls me false, ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy, with resistless art,
Always humorous, gay, and witty,
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah, Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.

CYNTHIA.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

BENEATH an aged oak's embow'ring shade,
Whose spreading arms with grey moss fringed were,
Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd,
A love-lorn youth oft pensive would repair.

Fast by, a Naiad taught her stream to glide,
Which through the dale a silent channel wore;
The silver willow deck'd its verdant side,
The whisp'ring sedges wav'd along the shore.

Here oft, when morn peep'd o'er the dusky hill;
Here oft, when eve bedew'd the misty vale;
Careless he laid him all beside the rill,
And pour'd in strains like these his artless tale:

Ah! would he say—and then a sigh would heave:
Ah, Cynthia! sweeter than the breath of morn,
Soft as the gentle breath that fans at eve,
Of thee bereft, how shall I live forlorn?

Ah! what avails this sweetly solemn bow'r,
That silent stream where dimpling eddies play;
Yon thymy bank bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
Where maple tufts exclude the beam of day?

Robb'd of my love, for how can these delight,
Though lavish Spring her smile around has cast?
Despair, alas! that whelms the soul in night,
Dims the sad eye, and deadens ev'ry taste.

As droops the lily at the blighting gale;
Or crimson-spotted cowslip of the mead,
Whose tender stalk (alas! their stalk so frail)
Some hasty foot hath bruis'd with heedless tread:

As droops the woodbine, when some village hind
Hath fell'd the sapling elm it fondly bound;
No more it gadding dances in the wind,
But trails its fading beauties on the ground:

So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,
For ever! ah! for ever torn from thee;
Bereft of each sweet hope, which once it had,
When love, when treach'rous love, first smil'd on me.

Return blest days, return ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the roseate steep of youth;
Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
And bade me court chaste science and fair truth.

Ye know, the curling breeze, or gilded fly
That idly wantons in the noon-tide air,
Was not so free, was not so gay as I,
For ah! I knew not then or love, or care.

Witness ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast!
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
Till Cynthia came and robb'd my soul of rest.

O have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion, weak.

Yet not unpitied was my pain the while;
For oft beside yon sweet-briar in the dale,
With many a blush, with many a melting smile,
She sat and listen'd to the plaintive tale.

Ah me! I fondly dreamt of pleasures rare,
Nor deem'd so sweet a face with scorn could glow;
How could you cruel then pronounce despair,
Chill the warm hope, and plant the thorn of woe.

What though no treasures canker in my chest,
Nor crowds of suppliant vassals hail me lord!
What though my roof can boast no princely guest,
No surfeits lurk beneath my frugal board!

Yet should Content, that shuns the gilded bed,
With smiling Peace, and Virtue, there forgot,
With rose-lip'd Health, which haunts the straw-built shed,
With cherub Joy, frequent my little cot:

Led by chaste Love, the decent band should come,
O, charmer, wouldst thou deign my roof to share?
Nor should the muses scorn our simple dome,
Or knit in mystic dance the Graces fair.

The wood-land nymphs, and gentle fays, at eve
Forth from the dripping cave and mossy dell,
Should round our hearth fantastic measures weave,
And shield from mischief by their guardian spell.

Come then, bright maid, and quit the city throng!
Have rural joys no charms to win the soul?
—She proud, alas! derides my lowly song,
Scorns the fond vow, and spurns the russet stole.

Then, love, begone! thy thriftless empire yield,
In youthful toils I'll lose th' unmanly pain:
With echoing horns I'll rouse the jocund field,
Urge the keen chase, and sweep along the plain.

Or all in some lone moss-grown tow'r sublime,
With midnight lamp I'll watch pale Cynthia round,
Explore the choicest rolls of ancient time,
And heal with wisdom's balm my hapless wound.

Or else, I'll roam—Ah no! that sigh profound
Tells me that sudden love disdains to yield:
Nor flight, nor wisdom's balm, can heal the wound,
Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field.

T. P.

SONG.

O NANNY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien,
Extremes of hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
When thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, nor drop the tender tear?
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

A PARODY

OF THE FOREGOING SONG.

O ——! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to quit fair Southwell town?
Can Norton wood have charms for thee,
Carlton's rich fields, and fallows brown?
No longer clogg'd with stubborn clay,
No longer vex'd with pointers wild,
Say, canst thou quit the parks and play,
Where thou each female heart beguil'd?

O ———! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face a wintry day,
Unlike September's softer wind?
Wilt thou attend to friendship's call,
When sweet delusive pleasures smile?
Nor wistful those past scenes recall,
Where thou wilt long all hearts beguile?

O ———! canst thou walk so stout
Through covers strong, and miry plains?
Or, when thy friend shall miss a shot,
Upbraid him with no taunting strains?
Say, should his faithless flint miss fire,
Wilt thou another lend awhile?
Nor fretful let one wish transpire
Of scenes where thou wilt still beguile?

And when at last the sport is o'er,
Wilt thou still grace his humble board?
Wilt thou of Southwell talk no more,
Of Barrow's sense, and wit—ador'd?
And wilt thou then, with spirits gay,
Gild the swift moments with a smile?
Nor *then* regret the parks and play,
Where thou wilt long all hearts beguile?

C. S.

ODE TO INDOLENCE.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
  Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
  Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
  From Paradise's honour'd groves,
Ceaseless fatigues his little frame,
  Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
  My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
  The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade,
  Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
  And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
  That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
  From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its banks shall rise,
  Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found;
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
  And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
  That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
  But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
  If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
  To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
  Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
  The sweets of friendship and of love.

Shenstone.

EPIGRAM

ON TWO CHARACTERS OF THE SAME NAME.

To rob the public two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum;
Which is the greater, if you can explain,
A rogue in spirit, or a rogue in grain?

Nescio.

THE STORM.

With gallant pomp, and beauteous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The waves, with eastern breezes curl'd,
Had silver'd half the liquid plain;
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep
Press to admire the vast machine,
In sportive gambols round it leap,
Or, swimming low, due distance keep,
In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale,
Pretended friendship waits on pow'r,
But early quits the borrow'd veil
When adverse fortune shifts the sail,
And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
  Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd, we fly like Jonas still,
And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
  O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surges' foamy white
  Foretel the furious blast;
Dreadful, though distant was the sight,
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
  And menace every mast.

Winds whistling through the shrouds, proclaim
  A fatal harvest on the deck;
Quick in pursuit as active flame,
Too soon the rolling ruin came,
  And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
  Life's flame inspir'd by heav'nly birth:
Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
Disorders Nature's beauteous face,
  And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride the vessel rolls,
  And as by sympathy she knew
The secret anguish of our souls,
With inward deeper groans condoles
  The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
  On liquid precipices hung?
Suspended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
  And silenc'd every tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
  And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
Stunn'd, she forgot awhile to reel,
And felt almost, or seem'd to feel,
  A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
  Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
Lost in the gulph and floods of spray,
No sun to cheer us, nor a ray
  Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,
  While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we pursue our wishes there,
Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
  And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest
  Reduc'd this chaos into form,
His goodness and His pow'r express'd,
He spoke—and, as a God, suppress'd
  Our troubles, and the storm.

Dodsley.

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT ETON SCHOOL.

THOUGH plagu'd with algebraic lectures,
And astronomical conjectures,
Wean'd from the sweets of poetry
To scraps of dry philosophy,
You see, dear Sir, I've found a time
T' express my thoughts to you in rhyme.
For why, my friend, shou'd distant parts,
Or times, disjoin united hearts,
Since though by intervening space
Depriv'd of speaking face to face,
By faithful emissary letter
We may converse as well, or better?
And not to stretch a narrow fancy,
To shew what pretty things I can say,
(As some will strain at simile,
First work it fine, and then apply;
Tag Butler's rhymes to Prior's thoughts,
And choose to mimic all their faults,
By head and shoulders bring in a stick,
To shew their knack at hudibrastic,)
I'll tell you as a friend, and crony,
How here I spend my time, and money;
For time, and money, go together
As sure as weathercock, and weather;

And thrifty guardians all allow
This grave reflection to be true,
That whilst we pay so dear for learning
Those weighty truths we've no concern in,
The spark who squanders time away
In vain pursuits, and fruitless play,
Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
But, what's much worse, is out of pocket.
Whether my conduct bad, or good is,
Judge from the nature of my studies.

No more majestic Virgil's heights,
Nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
Nor courtly Flaccus's rebukes,
Who banters vice with friendly jokes,
Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
Nor all the beauties that conspire
To place the greenest bays upon
Th' immortal brow of Addison;
Prior's inimitable ease,
Nor Pope's harmonious numbers please;
Homer, indeed (for critics shew it)
Was both philosopher and poet,
But tedious philosophic chapters,
Quite stifle my poetic raptures,
And I to Phœbus bade adieu
When first I took my leave of you.
Now algebra, geometry,
Arithmetic, astronomy,

Optics, chronology, and statics,
All tiresome parts of mathematics;
With twenty harder names than these,
Disturb my brain, and break my peace.
All seeming inconsistencies
Are nicely solv'd by a's and b's;
Our eye-sight is disprov'd by prisms,
Our arguments by syllogisms.
If I should confidently write
This ink is black, this paper white,
Or, to express myself yet fuller,
Should say that black, or white's a colour;
They'd contradict it, and perplex one
With motion, rays, and their reflexion,
And solve th' apparent falshood by
The curious texture of the eye.
Should I the poker want, and take it,
When't looks as hot as fire can make it,
And burn my finger, and my coat,
They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot;
The fire, say they, has in't, 'tis true,
The pow'r of causing heat in you;
But no more heat's in fire that heats you,
Than there is pain in stick that beats you.

Thus too philosophers expound
The names of odour, taste, and sound;
The salts and juices of all meat
Affect the tongues of them that eat,

And by some secret poignant pow'r
Give them the taste of sweet, and sour.
Carnations, violets, and roses,
Cause a sensation in our noses;
But then there's none of us can tell
The things themselves have taste or smell.
So when melodious Mason sings,
Or Gethring tunes the trembling strings,
Or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
Call forth the cheerful youth to arms,
Convey'd through undulating air
The music's only in the ear.

We're told how planets roll on high,
How large their orbits, and how nigh!
I hope in little time to know
Whether the moon's a cheese, or no;
Whether the man in't, as some tell ye,
With beef and carrots fills his belly;
Why like a lunatic confin'd
He lives at distance from mankind;
When he, at one good hearty shake,
Might whirl the prison off his back;
Or, like a maggot in a nut,
Full bravely eat his passage out.
Who knows what vast discoveries
From such inquiries might arise?
But feuds and tumults in the nation,
Disturb such curious speculation.

Cambridge, from furious broils of state,
Foresees her near-approaching fate;
Her surest patrons are remov'd,
And her triumphant foes approv'd.

No more! this due to friendship take,
Not idly writ for writing's sake;
No longer question my respect,
Nor call this short delay neglect;
At least excuse it, when you see
This pledge of my sincerity;
For one who rhymes to make you easy,
And his invention strains to please ye,
To shew his friendship cracks his brains,
Sure is a mad-man if he feigns.

Dr. Littleton.

EPIGRAM

ON THE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

In consequence of her Grace's canvass in support of Mr. Fox.

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty, Devon's fair,
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware!
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

A Newspaper.

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER LOVER,

WHO WAS GOING TO SEA.

FAREWELL! dear Swain, let neither seas nor wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind;
Let no bold billow venture to arise
With fond desire, to gaze upon those eyes;
Lest winds and waves, enamour'd of thy form,
Should rise, and croud themselves into a storm.

HIS ANSWER.

MY dearest Celia! further griefs forbear,
Nor let my safety be too much thy care;
Nor roaring winds I fear, nor raging seas;
For when an Angel prays, the storm must cease.
But yet, a ruin threatens still my heart;
You cannot save me—for 'tis death to part.

The Honeysuckle.

THE CHOICE OF A BACHELOR'S WIFE.

When I am to chuse a woman,
As who knows but I may marry?
I will trust the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miscarry:
For 'tis in love and fame confess'd,
Each man can tell his story best.

First, to make my choice the bolder,
I would have her child to such,
Whose free virtuous lives are older
Than antiquity can touch:
For it is seldom seen that blood
A beauty gives both great and good.

Yet an ancient stock may bring
Branches, I confess, of worth:
Like rich mountains shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth;
Yet, though such hills may gilded show,
They soonest feel an age of snow.

Therefore, to prevent such care,
That repentance soon may bring;
Like merchants I would chuse my ware,
Uusefully good, not glittering:
For he that weds for state or face,
But buys a horse to lose a race.

Yet I would have her fair as any,
  But not give her charms away;
I would have her free to many,
  Look on all with equal day;
But, when descending to the sea,
Still let her set with none but me.

If of proud majestic mien,
  Such as they fine women call,
In whatsoever place she's seen
  She will courted be by all;
But let her heart with such pride glow,
That still to all she answers no.

Yet I would not have her lose
  So much breeding, as to fling
Unbecoming scorn on those
  That must worship ev'ry thing;
To give loose glances if she fear,
The loosest man will chaste appear.

Let her be by nature wise,
  But not learned grown by arts;
In the one a pleasure lies,
  Th' other self-conceit imparts:
Good sense will make a wife more civil;
But critic learning—a mere devil.

Nor a fam'd, reputed wit,
  Shall she 'mong the witlings be;
Such most follies do commit;
  For such like too light ships we see,
Which with small ballast and great sail
Are soonest apt to turn up tail.

Nor she shall not, while she's woo'd,
  Blush for ill thoughts that are past;
But so innocently good
  That her dreams were ever chaste;
For the maid who dreams a sin
Has betray'd the fort within.

While I court her, as a maid,
  Let her shew a thousand fears;
Tell, that he or he betray'd,
  After vows, and after tears;
Hence will she know my constant life
Rewards a meritorious wife.

When the priest first joins our hands
  I would have her think but thus;
In what high and holy bands,
  Like twins, kind heav'n hath planted us;
Then both, like Aaron's rod, together
At once may bud, grow green, and wither.

Gentleman's Magazine.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD

AN OLD SERVANT TO LEWIS THE THIRTEENTH,

To Cardinal Richlieu.

Sick of a life possess'd in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late monarch, in whose reign
None who had merit miss'd a post.

Then will I charm him with your name,
Tell all the wonders you have done,
The pow'r of France, the Spaniard's shame,
The rising honours of his son!

Grateful the royal shade will smile,
And dwell delighted on the theme,
Fully appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.

But should he ask me in what sphere,
I did your wish'd commands obey,
Bid me my services declare—
What would you please to have me say?

The Friends.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

HOME's home, however homely, Wisdom says,
And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase:
To prove it, if it needed proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the muse's call;
And as she leads the ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize her song.
Clear, then, the stage; no scen'ry we require,
Save the snug circle round the parlour fire;
And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,
Each happier influence that governs there.
First, love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the warm glow, and sanctifies the kiss!
When, fondly welcom'd to th' accustom'd seat,
In sweet complaisance wife and husband meet:
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours, but unite in care.
Ambition! Does ambition there reside?
Yes, when the boy in manly mood astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
While emulation, in the daughter's heart,
Bears a more mild, though not less pow'rful part;
With zeal to shine, her flutt'ring bosom warms,
And in the romp the future house-wife forms;

Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
And art and genius in their pastime join:
This, the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
That, rears aloft the card-built tenements.
Think how joy animates, intense, tho' meek,
The fading roses on their grandame's cheek;
When, proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels, and owns, an interest in their play:
Adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold,
And tells at ev'ry call the story ten times told.
Good-humour'd dignity endears, mean while,
The narrative grandsire's venerable style;
If haply feats achiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, historic truth,
Or maxims shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such society, so form'd, so blest,
Time, thought, remembrance, all impart a zest;
And expectation, day by day, more bright,
Round ev'ry prospect throws increasing light;
The simplest comforts act with strongest force;
Whate'er can give them, can improve of course.

All this is common-place, you tell me; true:
What pity 'tis not common fashion too!
Roam as we may, plain sense at last will find
'Tis only seeking what we left behind.

If individual good engage our hope,
Domestic virtues give the largest scope:
If plans of public eminence we trace,
Domestic virtues are its surest base.

Literary Magazine.

ON A LADY SLEEPING.

WHERE my Laura is laid, beneath this old tree,
Asleep to the whispers that die on the gale,
Ye wood-nymphs attend, as kind guardians, and see
That no harsh intrusion her slumbers assail.

Swell gently thy murmur, thou soft rolling stream,
And gently, ye zephyrs, skim o'er the sweet maid;
By rustling your pinions disturb not her dream,
Nor ruffle the bank where my Laura is laid.

May her dream be of rapture, and thro' her dear breast
May pleasure quick-darting give transport divine,
Such transports as lovers oft feel unexpress'd,
Too poignant for language, for utt'rance too fine.

O let me for ever, unconscious of change,
Still sleeping or waking protect the sweet maid;
Still range the same groves that my Laura shall range,
And lie on the bank where my Laura is laid.

Ibid.

ON VIRTUE.

If there's a power above,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works—he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.
Addison.

AURORA, daughter of the dawn,
With golden light had streak'd the lawn,
The lark had left her young,
And poiz'd in air with grateful lays,
To heav'n breath'd forth her hymn of praise,
Her rural matin sung;

When old Acasto, virtuous sage,
Whose head was silver'd o'er with age,
Forsook his peaceful cell,
Again each fav'rite scene to view,
Ere yet he took his last adieu,
And bade the world farewell.

Awhile he wander'd o'er the plain,
Immers'd in thought, and o'er each scene
With pleasing rapture hung.
At length the solemn silence ceas'd,
When the warm transports of his breast
Thus trembled from his tongue:

" Sweet is the breath of rosy morn,
Bright are the dew-drops on the thorn,
The streamlets gently flow;
Sweetly her notes the sky-lark thrills,
Cool are the zephyrs from the hills,
And fair the flowers that blow;

" But neither breath of rosy morn,
Nor dew-drops glist'ning on the thorn,
Nor streams that gently flow;
Nor sweetest notes the sky-lark thrills,
Nor cooling zephyrs from the hills,
Nor sweetest flowers that blow,

" Though all united, can suggest
One spark of rapture to the breast,
Unless fair Virtue's ray
Illume the mind, then all within
Is calm, unruffled, and serene,
And all without is gay.

" Unless a spark of heav'nly flame
Beam forth within the earthly frame,
And glow within the heart,
Ah! what avails each rural scene!
The sloping hill, the verdant green,
No pleasure can impart.

" In vain the feather'd songsters raise
Their sweetest notes in varied lays,
And animate each strain;
In vain the zephyrs softly blow,
In vain the streamlets gently flow,
Meand'ring through the plain.

" The flow'rs in splendid beauty gay,
In vain their brightest charms display,
They gladden not the eye;
All Nature wears a cheerless gloom,
Unheeded all her beauties bloom,
Unheeded droop and die.

" Ye, who are lost to purer joys,
Go, sigh for gilded fleeting toys,
Th' illusions of an hour;
But still may I at early day,
As through the vale unseen I stray,
Feel Virtue's fostering power.

" Do thou, celestial maid, inspire
A kindly glimpse of heavenly fire,
Do thou propitious smile;
A ray of thy all-cheering light,
Shall soon dispel the clouds of night,
And sweeten every toil."

Literary Magazine.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children send.
So fares the hen in farmer's yard;
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self-same hen,
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten:
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me!

Anonymous.

VERSES

Written in Jamaica, in the Dog Days.

TO A FRIEND.

O'ER fertile vales, and mountains green,
You bid my wand'ring eye to stray;
And tell me each surrounding scene
Affords a subject for my lay.

"Go, sing yon pure meand'ring stream,
That thro' luxuriant valleys roves;
That now reflects the noontide beam,
Now hides within the fragrant groves.

"Did e'er your boasted native Tweed
In such romantic windings play?
Or found he e'er so fair a mead,
Thro' which to sport his wanton way?

"Bleak, bare, and barren, Cheviot lours;
Chill is the wind, and keen the frost,
But these more lofty hills of ours
Eternal vegetation boast."

My eye, 'tis true, this moment views
The richest scenes e'er poet sung;
Yet unpropitious is the muse,
My heart unfir'd, my harp unstrung.

Say, what avails the scented grove?
Or what the verdure of the vale?
Amidst their beauties can we rove?
Or can we half their sweets inhale?

Or, what avails the mountain's pride,
That thus attracts the longing eye?
We cannot climb its beauteous side,
To taste the distant charms we spy.

A burning sun, a sultry air,
Our nerves in listless languor bind;
Each active principle impair,
And ev'ry function of the mind.

In temp'rate climates reign the nine,
Where healthful bards may widely stroll;
There passion breathes in ev'ry line,
And fancy kindles all the soul.

But, underneath this glowing sky,
Our first felicity is ease:
Give me in indolence to lie;
Be you the poet, if you please.

Literary Magazine.

PROMOTION IN THE NAVY.

Ben Block was a veteran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the board still neglected his merits to crown,
And no int'rest he had with my lord.
Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar;
When the death-dealing broadside made worm's-meat of men,
And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack a joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog!
That year after year, in a subaltern's state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled;
'Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly saluting, with sinciput bare,
The first Lord of the Admiralty once,
Says his lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,"
"Why, my lord," reply'd Ben, "it with truth may be said,
While a bald pate I long have stood under,
There have so many captains walk'd over my head,
To see me quite scalp'd 'twere no wonder."

Anonymous.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went he was follow'd by Tray,
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigu'd on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed;
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour,
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend,
And when dying, thus feebly exclaim'd the poor swain,
"O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend."

Peter Pindar.

THE SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

AN EPIGRAM.

LORD Spencer, who rules at the Admiralty Board,
Last summer on board the king's yacth,
With his friend, my Lord Howe, was exchanging a word,
While each on his head kept his hat.
When a tar to his messmate said, "Twig, brother Ned,
That fresh-water fellow, so trim,
To the Amburral talks, with the hat on his head,
Without lifting his paw to the brim!"
"Why what of all that?" says the other, quite cool,
"Such a sight is no wonder to me;
For how should the lubber learn manners, you fool,
When you know he ne'er was at sea."

Naval Chronicle.

EPIGRAM.

DOCTOR LEE, who at punning all punsters defied,
When his friend Doctor Egg to the distaff was tied,
By a dame who for years his addresses had spurn'd,
While for Bachelor White she with ardency burn'd;
"The good lady," quoth he, "hath much suit undergone,
And to take up with Egg, has for years been egg'd on:
But 'tis my firm belief if, the truth may be spoke,
She's too fond of the *White* to be pleas'd with the *Yoke*."

Museum of Wit.

EPIGRAM.

TOM taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
He observ'd "'Twas a *big one* with windows *too few;*"
"As for *that,*" replies Tim, "I'm the builder's forgiver;
For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the Liver;
"True," says Tom, "as you live upon farthings and mites,
For the Liver 'tis good—but 'tis bad for the Lights."

Museum of Wit.

EPIGRAM.

ON VENDING COUNTERFEIT GILT BUTTONS.

THAT guilt has punishment to fear,
It stands on reason's ground;
But where no guilt did e'er appear,
Who can be guilty found?

Then on what ground, logicians say,
Is this strange doctrine built,
That button-gilders guilt betray,
In works quite free from gilt?

For, if by want of gilt, they shew
How much to guilt they're prone;
'Tis passing strange that guilt should flow
From gildless works alone!

Ibid.

DRY HUMOUR.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral Fast
Were from the Cockpit given;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When soaking Sam, who ev'ry day
To Sots Hole went, to soak his clay,
There found the doors all barr'd;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
'Till Sally op'd the sash,
And cry'd, "Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we're all resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on—I'll rap no more in vain,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who, not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too."

MILITARY JEU D' ESPRIT.

A COLONEL, by chronicles, late it appears,
In style gave a treat to his brave volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The commandant thus to his right and left wing
Said "Gentlemen, charge, let us drink to the king!"
A corporal, eyeing his glass at the time,
Cry'd "Col'nel, here's hardly enough for a prime!"

THE SIMPLE TRUTH MOST SIMPLY TOLD.

HONEST Teague, when return'd from a trip to the North,
For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;
Was question'd—"if during his cold wintry birth,
Whether any Rein Deer he had seen?"

"When," said he, "by my sowle, as the truth I regard,
I was station'd there almost a year;
And sometimes, in summer, it rain'd very hard,
But I never once saw it rain Deer."

THE COTTAGER.

A cow, a pig, the feather'd brood,
The cot which on the common stood,
The scythe and sickle, flail and spade,
Brought Hodge, and family, their bread.
When his kind stars these aids afford,
Hodge is as happy as my lord;
He felt no want—was blithe as May,
Cattle, or wife, ne'er went astray.
But now the commons are inclos'd,
His fav'rite stock to sale expos'd;
His cow, his calf, his pig, are gone,
His sheep are "kill'd off," ev'ry one;
His flail, scythe, sickle, and his spade,
Could not supply his house with bread.
Hunger no fear of law descries,
"No fear of God before his eyes,"
He stole a goose, by famine led,
From that spot where his own had fed.
Now to the justice brought in haste,
That justice who inclos'd the waste,
His worship in a passion flew—
In silence Hodge a long face drew—
"A halter, sirrah, you'll not miss,
For perpetrating crimes like this."
Hodge droop'd his head, and heav'd a sigh;
Then meekly utter'd this reply:

"The crime is small in man or woman,
Should they a goose steal from a common;
But what can plead that man's excuse,
Who steals a common from a goose?"

Anonymous.

PARTING.

I go, my love; and, till we meet again,
Let hope and constancy the time beguile:
Again to meet! that prospect shall restrain
The tear that starts through my dissembled smile.

Farewell! but there is finish'd all my boast—
That tender accent falters on my tongue;
And I must weep for that dear object lost,
On which I gaz'd so fondly, and so long.

O stay! O turn! for I have much to say—
One word! one look! I cannot leave thee so—
Ah me! she takes a distant different way;
And I unheard, unanswer'd vent my woe.

From her soft voice no more I catch the sound;
No more her beauties grace my happy side:
I call, I search in vain, no more is found
My sweet companion, and my promis'd bride.

Back to those happy scenes, remembrance, fly!
Thy lenient aid my sorrows shall remove:
For thou from these dear moments canst supply
Full many a proof propitious to my love.

Much tho' I lov'd, I found that love repaid;
And seem'd of all men happy o'er the rest;
Consenting beauty heal'd the wound it made;
And love enslav'd me but to make me blest.

My lips the story of my bosom told,
Check'd by no scornful, no unkind reply;
Her fav'ring glances bade my tongue be bold,
And mutual passion kindled in her eye.

The blush soft spreading o'er her downcast face,
The sudden sigh half rising, half suppress'd,
That coy distress that heightens ev'ry grace
In silent eloquence her love confess'd.

How sweet to snatch her not unwilling hand,
And all delighted on her charms to gaze;
While, mix'd with many a kiss, we fondly plann'd
The tender conduct of connubial days!

Each social virtue decks her gentle mind;
And stedfast Honour waves his banner there;
So chaste a temple, love was proud to find;
And truth proclaims her parting vow sincere.

While sweet remembrance thus relieves my heart,
Ah! why should grief so fair a prospect sour?
Yes, we shall meet, and meet no more to part,
And heav'n and love shall bless th' expected hour.

Then fare thee well! and to thy constant mind
Still be my mem'ry dear, tho' I am gone;
Still be each thought, each tender wish confin'd
To me whose heart is full of thee alone:

Fond Hope the while shall cheer my drooping soul,
In sweet impatience shall the time employ,
Shall chide the lazy moments as they roll,
And sooth my grief with thoughts of future joy.

London Magazine.

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON,

In ridicule of an Author.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and, speaking, sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'Twas on the border of a stream
A gaily painted tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells:

"O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
Fair painting of a hand divine!
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of heaven alone are mine!

"Away, ye worthless, formless race!
Ye weeds that boast the name of flowers!
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

"Shall the bright daughter of the sun
Associate with the shrubs of earth?
Ye slaves, your sov'reign's presence shun!
Respect her beauties, and her birth.

"And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noon-day beauties bloom unseen,
Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade!"

"Deluded flower!" the myrtle cries,
"Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

"That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling spring appear.

"The violet, that, those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"E'en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possess'd,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

"And he, whose kind and fost'ring care
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

"Deluded flower! the friendly screen
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

"But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done:
I now withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower, exulting, caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast discles'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And ev'ry latent charm expos'd,

But when the sun was sliding low,
And ev'ning came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax'd, exhausted, sick'ning, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

London Magazine.

THE JUDICIOUS BACHANAL.

WHILE the bottle to humour and social delight
The smallest assistance can lend;
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend;

O let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers,
That time may deliciously pass,
And should Care ever think to intrude on these hours,
Scare the haggard away with the glass.

But, instead of a rational feast of good sense,
Should discord preside o'er the bowl,
And folly, debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul;

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy feel nought but the rod:
Should I make sweet Religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God,

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful fate,
Where the madness or blasphemy hung,
And let every accent which virtue should hate,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my ear let the curse be eternally driven,
Where my reason so fatally stray'd,
That no more I may offer an insult to heaven,
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

Ibid.

THE OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I'll tell you why I love my love;
Because her thousand graces prove
Her worth is very high;
She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one so plain as I.

Wherever muse has fir'd the strain,
On British, or on Tuscan plain,
Delighted has she rov'd;
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
That animates the story'd page,
By British bosoms lov'd.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wise and good;
There ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
To wisdom's narrow bound.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare;
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,
Are only nature's plain desire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

Content with these, my Geraldine
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well she knows my heart;
She knows it honest and sincere,
And much too open to appear
Beneath the veil of art.

She knows it pants for her alone,
That not the splendour of a throne
From her my steps could lure;
To-morrow gives to these fond arms,
My Geraldine in all her charms,
And makes my bliss secure.

London Magazine.

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

E'ER the sun's declining ray
Has left yon distant sky,
And e'er the parting streak of day
Has shut upon the eye;

Come, modest Ev'ning, kindly spread
Thy dusk-ensabled vest,
And teach reflective thought to spread
Devotion on the breast.

O lift the mind to bless the pow'r,
Whose mem'ry still shall last!
And bid him prize the present hour,
Whose madness lost the past.

Insructive, tell the pomp of state,
The pride of mighty blood,
That none are ever truly great,
That are not truly good.

To all one admonition give,
Unfearful of reply,
That he alone deserves to live,
Who best prepares to die.

Anonymous.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

TO A LADY.

You bid a penny for my thoughts,
I will unfold them fairly;
I think you are a charming lass,
And know, I love you dearly.

I think you have a form and mind
In ev'ry part complete;
I think your breast was not design'd
To harbour base deceit.

I think no love can ever last
Which does not meet return;
I think love's fire a sudden blast,
Where souls don't equal burn.

I think true happiness depends
Upon a mutual love;
I think who trusts to other ends,
The end will fatal prove.

I think you temp'rate, chaste, and true,
Mild, cleanly, and discreet;
I think those virtues meet in you,
Which make e'en bondage sweet.

I think of you whene'er I think,
And so I shall for ever;
I sometimes think I may be bless'd,
And sometimes think—oh, never!

London Magazine.

SONG.

When fortune reigns in splendid pride,
What madding thousands court her shrine;
With sweet simplicity their guide,
Oh, love! how few resort to thine.

Yet when of fortune's smile possess'd,
The sigh for other days they pour;
Some secret horror stings the breast,
And languor fills each listless hour.

But love's pure joys unsullied last,
His vot'ries taste a bliss sublime;
Sigh to regain the moments past,
And wish to clip the wings of Time.

Peter Pindar.

SONG.

Away, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What, tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble—we'll be good.

What, tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall grace our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

And when, with envy, time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing with my boys.

Cooper's Letters on Taste.

ON CENSURE.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure:
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in scandal's court.

Stand high in honour, wealth, and wit:
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lye:
"Alas! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong."
Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ach:
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place:
Nor will you find your fortune sink,
By what they speak, or what they think:
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice is—to let them talk.

Doctor Swift.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

When things are done and past recalling,
'Tis folly then to fret or cry.
Prop up a rotten house that's falling,
But when it's down e'en let it lie.
O patience! patience! thou'rt a jewel,
And, like all jewels, hard to find.
'Mongst all the various men you see,
Examine ev'ry mother's son;
You'll find they all in this agree,
To make ten troubles out of one;
When passions rage, they heap on fuel,
And give their reason to the wind.

Hark! don't you hear the gen'ral cry?
"Whose troubles ever equall'd mine!"
How readily each stander-by
Replies, with captious echo, mine!
Sure from our clime this discord springs;
Heav'ns choicest blessings we abuse.
For ev'ry Englishman alive,
Whether duke, lord, esquire, or gent,
Claims as his just prerogative,
Ease, liberty, and discontent.
A Frenchman often starves and sings,
With cheerfulness, and wooden shoes.

A peasant, of the true French breed,
Was driving in a narrow road
A cart, with but one sorry steed,
And fill'd with onions: sav'ry load!
Careless, he trudg'd along before,
Singing a Gascon roundelay,
Hard by there ran a whimp'ring brook,
The road hung shelving tow'rds the brim;
The spiteful wind the advantage took;
The wheel flies up; the onions swim;
The peasant saw his fav'rite store,
At one rude blast, all puff'd away.

How would an English clown have sworn,
To hear them plump, and see them roll?
Have curs'd the day that he was born,
And, for an onion, damn'd his soul?
Our Frenchman acted quite as well,
He stopt (and hardly stopt) his song;
First rais'd the bidet from his swoon;
Then stood, a little while, to view
His onions, bobbing up and down;
At last, he shrugging cry'd, "Parbleu!
* Il ne manq ici, que du sol,
Pour faire du potage excellent."

London Magazine.

* There wants nothing but salt to make excellent soup.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

A SONG.

ONCE friends I had, but ah! too soon
Death robb'd me of my parents dear,
Left me to mourn my wretched doom,
And wander friendless in despair.
Forlorn o'er hills and dales I rov'd,
Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy;
At length, a swain, with pity mov'd,
Made me a humble shepherd boy.

Soon as I view the dawn of day
To flow'ry plains my flocks I lead,
And whilst for food my lambkins stray,
On some lone bank I tune my reed:
Did those who bathe in seeming bliss
Once taste the sweets that I enjoy,
They'd wish for humble happiness,
And envy me, the shepherd's boy.

When down the western sky the sun
Descends to gladden eastern climes,
'Tis then my daily toil is done,
And I to rest repair betimes:
In rustic garb, 'tis true, I'm clad,
Yet nothing does my peace annoy,
And tho' my fortune is but sad,
Still heav'n may bless the shepherd's boy.

FASHION'S FOOLS.

A SONG.

The world still judges by the mien,
For habit holds the yellow glass,
And through that jaundic'd medium seen,
Shall wisdom's self for folly pass.
'Tis not because you vapid smart
Strays, carelessly, from reason's rules,
That he hates reason, has no heart,
'Tis that he's one of fashion's fools.

The toper o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents against his dearest friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb, to make amends:
For honour well his heart can touch,
He well knows golden friendship's rules,
His fault is that he drinks too much,
And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

The bouncer swears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame nature's law,
And talks of joys he never knew,
And fancies charms he never saw:
'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair Truth, and all her sacred rules,
But 'tis that it's genteel to bounce,
And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

If merit pines away forgot,
If rakes at sacred honours sneer,
If wedlock proves a gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be severe:
'Tis not that men so much delight
To deviate from honour's rules,
But that it's vulgar to be right,
And thus they all are fashion's fools.

Say, what conclusion's to be drawn,
Are we to fancy, or to feel,
To live awake, or in a yawn,
To be consistent, or genteel?
Soon the election may be made—
Let's square our lives by reason's rules,
So far be fashion's modes obey'd,
But let us not be fashion's fools.

Dibdin.

Quam rara est fortuna Getæ? cum deficit unda
Potat aquam, sed si sufficit unda, merum.

TRANSLATION.

SAYS the miller; how odd is this fortune of mine,
When my stream's low, I drink it—when high, I drink wine.

BALLAD.

The poet says, that love's like fire,
Which kindly heat and joy imparts,
For ev'ry purpose, and desire,
That warms and that expands our hearts:
But, trust this fire, where is the bound
That can its devastation stay?
Relentless ruin stalks around,
And horror marks its trackless way:
Thus both we dread, and both admire,
Thus poets say that love's like fire.

The toper says, that love's like wine,
And that its pow'r, 'bove human ken,
Can lift the soul, and so refine
Our joys, that gods might envy men:
But from this elevation sunk,
The moment reason leaves the feast,
His godship finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beast:
Thus both are beastly, both divine,
Thus topers say that love's like wine.

Your sportsmen say, love's like the chase,
That leads us many a weary mile,
Through many a rude and dang'rous place,
O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and stile:

But when his pleasures with his toil
Are fairly counted, what's the gain?
Fatigu'd, and tir'd, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain:
Thus love's without a goal, a race,
Thus sportsmen say, love's like a chase.

True lovers say, love's like the devil,
Who turns a hundred devious ways,
With saint-like face, and heart of evil,
And smiles the most when he betrays:
Does not the devil take ev'ry hue,
And in all forms and fashions move?
Is he not black, and white, and blue,
And hot, and cold?—and so is love:
And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.

Let carping ideots still condemn,
Where reason bids them most rejoice,
For if they err the fault's in them,
And in the object of their choice:
The lover that shall all excel,
Let him but chuse a faithless fair;
His love shall prove a very hell,
No Lethe to relieve his care:
Let him of reason take advice,
His love shall be a Paradise.

Dibdin.

LOVE AND INDUSTRY.

O SHARE my cottage, dearest maid!
Beneath a mountain wide and high,
It nestles in a silent glade,
And Wye's clear current wanders by.
Each tender care, each honest art,
Shall chase all future want from thee;
When thy sweet lips consent impart,
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the city's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen;
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor envy base, nor sullen spleen.
The shadowy rocks, that circle round,
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found,
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy sun shall peer,
And faintly gild yon little spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read, sweet tales to sing,
O! they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd season bring
The merry spring-time back again.

Then hawthorn's flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plumy throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.
Thy arms the new-yean'd lamb will shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear;
While, o'er the rough and breathing field,
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove, with me, the sprightly joys
That love and industry bestow:
Their jocund powers can banish strife,
Her clouds no passing day will see;
Since all the leisure hours of life
Shall still be spent in pleasing thee.

Miss Seward.

AN IDEA ON A PECK OF COALS.

I BUY my Coals by Pecks, that we
May have 'em fresh and fresh, d'ye see!

SOLITUDE.

HAIL, thou source of thought divine!
Awful Solitude, be mine:
Let me from the world secluded,
By no glitt'ring joys deluded,
Earthly pleasures all despise,
Hoping for eternal joys.

Let me wander o'er thy plains,
Where perpetual silence reigns;
Whilst I, at the close of even,
View the blue bespangled heaven;
Let me then my God adore,
Mark his works and own his pow'r.

When the blushing morn has spread
Dewy fragrance o'er the mead;
When the newly risen sun
Has his daily task begun;
Teach me then, in tuneful lays,
To chaunt my great Creator's praise.

When my peaceful life is spent,
Free from care and discontent,
Let me, O my God! when thou
Call'st me from this world below,
With hope of heav'nly pleasures blest,
In gentle slumbers sink to rest.

Vocal Magazine.

AIR.

WHEN first I wak'd to life's unfolding day,
Delight's young dimpled handmaids rock'd my bed,
Hope kiss'd my eyelids in the sun's bright ray,
And fancy twin'd white blossoms round my head.

A father's love, a mother's trembling care,
Spread fairy visions round my trusting youth,
While royal lovers kneel'd to call me fair,
And murmur'd oaths of unforsaken truth:

No cares could cloud, no passions could destroy,
The shining softness of those halcyon hours—
Where'er I turn'd, where'er I look'd, was joy,
A heaven of sunshine, and an earth of flowers.

But now the fiend shrieks loud, who rules the storm,
And strides in thunder o'er the 'frighted sphere,
Hope, as she listens, veils her flying form,
And fancy lingers—but to drink a tear!

Dimond.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF STERNE.

With sacred awe, with kind concern,
We view the spot where Yorrick lies:
Here friendship still shall visit Sterne,
And tears shall fill affection's eyes.

Silent upon thy grave we stand,
And muse upon the dust beneath—
The fairest flow'r from nature's hand,
Now with'ring in the shade of death.

When ev'ning dews thy turf so green,
Humanity, with gentle tread,
And bright-ey'd genius, oft are seen
Weeping beside thy earthy bed.

Those dear companions of thy way,
Although from death they could not save,
Yet here their vows they duly pay,
And bid remembrance haunt thy grave.

Maria's shade, with pious care,
By Cynthia's light shall hither come,
And watch the spring, with fingers fair
Decking with flow'rs thy simple tomb.

While here, with pilgrim's step, they stray
Around thy place of endless rest,
We check the fond complaint, and say,
"Sure thou art number'd with the blest."

Samwell.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

In woods no more the feather'd throng
Pour native music on the gale;
And, heard you not the harvest song?
Its last notes linger in the vale.

Where are the walks that blush'd with flow'rs?
And where the western breeze that breath'd
Its pilfer'd sweets to scent the bow'rs,
Which *Peace* and calm *Contentment* wreath'd?

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,
And desolation sweeps the ground,
Come, Winter! teach me how to draw
A moral from the ruins round.

The sober thought, to virtue dear,
Thy dreary walks shall furnish still;
Still sweetly, on my pensive ear,
Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon desolated grove,
Where many a faded flow'ret lies!
At evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,
Regardless of the frowning skies.

And oft I'll to the lonely dell,
Or to the russet heath repair,
To hear the distant village-bell
Sweet vibrate on th' expanse of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blast,
The demon of destruction fly;
May then some rush-light, o'er the waste,
With friendly beams, direct the eye.

Adieu! ye glitt'ring scenes, adieu!
That stole my heart from peace and truth;
That promis'd pleasure, while you threw
Illusive splendour o'er my youth!

Time, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,
Proclaims, as through its wastes we range,
That all our joy is absent woe,
And all our life progressive *change!*

Sanderson's Original Poems.

TO HER I LOVE.

In hopes to meet a lover's name,
Here shall the eyes of beauty rove:—
But only one the song shall claim,
The song that's meant for her I love.

"And who's the maid," shall beauty ask,
"That can o'er thee so powerful prove,
Whose smile impels the lyric task?"
Hear my reply—'tis her I love.

Her lips of pow'r mysterious are,
Who shall these lines from me approve;
A cupid lurks in ambush there,
His spell—the voice of her I love.

To live for love, and sigh for fame,
The poet marks—behest of Jove;
My passions feed a double flame—
I sigh for fame, and her I love.

Could I, while you my soul inspire,
Thy beauty paint, thy pity move;
Then farewell fame! then farewell lyre!
My fame's the praise of her I love.

Full many a maid, with magic skill,
The bard arrays, his art to prove;—
His song may scatter charms at will,
But mine is grac'd by her I love.

Thy charms shall lend it wings to fly
O'er hill and valley, plain and grove;—
The passport to a lover's sigh
Shall be the name of her I love.

Oh! maid belov'd! Oh! lyre adorn'd!
Who now shall dare the song reprove?
By thee admir'd—their frowns are scorn'd,
I only write *to her I love.*

Morning Herald.

ELEGY.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead you fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn, since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease?

The shatter'd bark by adverse winds,
Rest in this peaceful haven finds;
And, when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead you fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Mrs. Hunter.

THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, Hesperus! bright torch of beauty's queen,
Dear sacred gem of dewy evening, hail!
So shine thy rays above her spangled sheen,
As glows the moon above thy radiance pale.

When to th' accustom'd fair my footsteps stray,
Now timely shine, for lo! the changeful moon
Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of day,
And envious sets ere half the night be done.

No plunder tempts me thro' the treach'rous shade;
For me no nightly traveller shall mourn:
'Tis love that calls thee, be his voice obey'd;
Sweet is her love, and claims a sweet return.

Translated from Moschus.

ODE TO A CRICKET.

Little guest, with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note,
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say, what passion moves thy breast,
Does some flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art opprest,
A mournful victim to despair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

Davis's Travels in America.

TO S..... D.....,

WITH A RING.

EMBLEM of happiness, not bought, nor sold,
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
Love in the small, but perfect circle, trace,
And duty in its soft, but strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,
The dazzling di'mond's meretricious blaze,
That hides with glare the anguish of a heart
By nature hard, tho' polish'd bright—by art.
More to thy taste the ornament that shows
Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows;
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm;—
The holy amulet to keep from harm;
To guard at once, and consecrate the shrine,
Take this dear pledge—it makes, and keeps, thee mine.

W. D. (her husband.)

CANZONET.

LADY! when, with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or, lost in dreams of love, behold
Thy waving locks of darken'd gold,
Or press thy lip, whose dew discloses
Sweets, that seem the breath of roses;
Lady! I sigh—and, with a tear,
Swear earth is heaven—if thou art near!

But when (the hour of transport o'er)
My soul's delight is seen no more,
Rememb'ring all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms;
And, taught by jealous doubt, discover
In every gazing youth, a lover;
Confessing, with a silent tear,
That heaven and hell are wond'rous near!

Lord Strangford.

ON A PURSE,

PRESENTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

O TELL me how, and where, and when
Can I return the obligation;
Alas! will my poetic pen
Do justice to my inclination?

'Tis surely much the shortest way,
And to the ear, I think, as pleasant,
In simple prose at once to say,
"Dear girl, I thank you for your present."

But as the ladies now-a-days,
Expect poetical addresses;
Without more trifling or delays,
My pen with pleasure acquiesces.

O condescend, ye muses! pray,
(First you must know my theme a purse is)
O kindly teach me what to say,
To make acceptable my verses.

Delightful theme! O beauteous purse!
To give the praises you require,
Exceeds my weak unskilful verse,
Exceeds my faint poetic fire.

Shall my untutor'd pen profane
The many virtues you inherit?
Can I your properties explain,
Or give you half the praise you merit?

Ah no! I yield the task of praise
To those who better can explain it;
A single wish my bosom sways,
A single stanza shall contain it.

So neat, so charming a design,
Was ne'er with such success attempted;
And since 'tis destin'd to be mine,
O! may I never see it emptied!

The Meteors.

HYMN FOR THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

How blest those olive plants that grow
Beneath the altar's sacred shade,
Where streams of fresh instruction flow,
And comfort's humble board is spread.

'Twas thus the swallow rear'd her young,
Secure within the house of God,
Of whom the royal prophet sung,
When banish'd from the blest abode.

When, like the swallow's tender brood,
They leave the kind paternal dome,
On weary wing to seek their food,
Or find in other climes a home;

Where'er they roam, where'er they rest,
Thro' all the varied scenes of life,
Whether with tranquil plenty blest,
Or doom'd to share the deadly strife:

Still may the streams of grace divine
Glide softly near their devious way;
And faith's fair light serenely shine,
To change their darkness into day.

Still may they, with paternal love,
Each other's shield and aid become;
And while thro' distant realms they rove,
Remember still their childhood's home;

The simple life, the frugal fare,
The kind paternal counsels giv'n,
The tender love, the pious care,
That early wing'd their hopes to heav'n.

And when the ev'ning shades decline,
And when life's toilsome task is o'er,
May they each earthly wish resign,
And holier, happier climes explore.

And when the faithful shepherds view
Each ransom'd flock around them spread,
How will they bless the plants that grew
Beneath the altar's sacred shade!

Mrs. Grant.

CANZONET.

SINCE in this dreary vale of tears
No certainty but death appears,
Why should we waste our vernal years
In hoarding useless treasure?
No—let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of human kind,
And, in the gen'rous service find
A source of purer pleasure.

Better to live despis'd and poor,
Than guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smiles of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.
Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treach'rous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To death—and sweet repose.

Lord Strangford.

THE WELCOME EVENING.

Let those that know no other bliss,
Than this poor dying life can give,
Sigh when they think how short it is,
And how precariously we live.

But thou, my soul, hast joys in store,
May'st say, at ev'ry setting sun,
Courage, my heart, come, one day more
Of a vain vexing life is gone.

Hail ye, sweet ev'ning shades! all hail!
Drive those intruding cares away;
Hide with your kind relieving veil
The sick'ning vanities of day.

Wrapt in these gentle shades I rest,
Hid from the world, the world from me;
But oh! none knows how I am blest
In this divine obscurity.

Thro' groves of bliss I seem to stray,
And, in the thickest glooms of night,
I shine in everlasting day,
And blaze with intellectual light.

While half the world dream, start, and sleep,
And half cheat, fight, curse, rave, and groan,
Then I my silent jubil' keep,
And hold my festival alone.

'Till morning's melancholy dawn
Lets in confusion and the day,
And noise and tumult hurry on,
And chase sweet Salem's peace away:

How doleful all the world seems then!
How dismal what we here call day!
The earth seems one vast howling den,
And men like rav'nous beasts of prey.

Oh! what is all that men call light,
Life, music, pomp, delight, and mirth,
But raving dreams, and hideous night,
Howling and spectres, hell and death?

When will th' eternal morning dawn
Let in salvation, and true day?
Restore sweet Salem's joys again,
And chase this hurrying time away.

Rev. W. Richards.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH the droppings of this spout,
There lies the body once so stout
Of FRANCIS THOMPSON;
A soul this carcase once possess'd,
Which for its virtues was caress'd
By all who knew the owner best.
The Rufford records can declare
His actions, who for seventy year
Both drew and drank its potent beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that time,
In this great butler the least crime
To stain his reputation;
To Envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of fault she can reveal,
To make her declaration.
Then rest, good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear,
Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong beer.
He died July 6th, 1739, aged 83.

Ollerton Church Yard.

THE SIGH.

When youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaim'd me man;
While peace the present hour beguil'd,
And all the lovely prospect smil'd,
Then Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heav'd the painless sigh for thee.

And when along the waves of woe
My harrass'd heart was doom'd to know,
The frantic burst of outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
Then, shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea,
I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee.

But soon reflection's power impress'd
A stiller sadness on my breast,
And sickly hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die.
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heav'd a languid sigh for thee.

And, tho' in different climes to roam
A wanderer from my native home;
I fain would sooth the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were,
Thy image may not banish'd be,
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

S. T. Coleridge.

BY A LADY

DESERTED BY HER LOVER.

I CAUGHT a bright fantastic cloud,
And in the glitt'ring moonlight dress'd it;
Then, of the beauteous pageant proud,
Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied by the dubious light,
I saw my phantom sweetly smiling;
My bosom throbb'd with wild delight,
All reason's sober fears beguiling.

What dreams of joy my soul revolv'd!
What pleasant visions hover'd o'er me!
Till, by th' incautious warmth dissolv'd,
My treasure faded from before me.

Condemn'd henceforward still to grieve,
My senses rove in wild confusion;
Nor can I scarcely yet believe
My bliss was all a vain illusion.

From treach'rous hope will I no more
Deceitful forms of pleasure borrow;
But silently my loss deplore,
And sink a prey to silent sorrow.

Literary Leisure.

SONG.

When first I dar'd by soft surprise
To breathe my love in Flavia's ear,
I saw the mixt sensations rise
Of trembling joy, and pleasing fear;
Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
For what has art with love to do?

But soon the crimson glow return'd,
Ere half my passion was exprest,
The eye that clos'd, the cheek that burn'd,
The quiv'ring lip, the panting breast,
Shew'd that she wish'd, or thought me true,
For what has art with love to do?

Ah! speak, I cry'd, thy soft assent:
She strove to speak, she could but sigh;
A glance more heav'nly eloquent,
Left language nothing to supply.
She press'd my hand with fervour new;
For what has art with love to do;

Ye practis'd nymphs, who form your charms
By fashion's rules, enjoy your skill;
Torment your swains with false alarms,
And, ere you cure, pretend to kill:
Still, still your sex's wiles pursue;
Such tricks she leaves to art and you.

Secure of native powers to please,
My Flavia scorns all mean pretence;
Her form is elegance and ease,
Her soul is truth and innocence;
And these, O heartfelt ecstacy!
She gives to honour, love, and me.

Mason's Poems.

ODE.

POWER of these awful regions, hail!
For sure some mighty genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen, along these cliffs and groves.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
Or 'mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright we view the present God.

More bright, than if in glittering state
O'ercanopied with gold he sat,
The pride of Phidian art confess'd—
Hail, power sublime! thy vot'ry shield;
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young, but weary, wanderer, rest.

But if from rest and silence torn,
And these lov'd scenes, I roam afar,
By fate's returning surge down borne,
To toss in care's tumultuous war;

Grant me, secure from toil and strife,
And all the vain alarms of life,
And all the rabble's fev'rish rage,
Remote in some obscure retreat,
At least, to pass in freedom sweet
The solitude of age.

Beattie.

MUTUAL PITY.

Tom, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still games, and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis thus that we two disagree,
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow idly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

WINTER.

STERN Winter! though thy rugged reign
Chills the pale bosom of the plain,
And in deep sighs thy hollow blast
Tells me the happy hours are past
That saw meek Spring her blossoms rear,
And led along the infant year;
Thy thick'ning glooms, and leafless tree,
Have charms for Emma, and for me.

And though the light-wing'd breeze no more
Wafts the rich sweets of Summer's store,
Though Autumn's scene no more beguiles,
My cot is warm, and Emma smiles.
Then, Winter, come! thy storms and rain
Beat on this happy roof in vain;
The shiv'ring blast, and leafless tree,
Have charms for Emma, and for me.

Then, what avail thy wind and storm,
That nature's with'ring face deform,
If fancy's brisk and sportive lay
Awake to pleasure's willing sway;
If the quick jest, and lively song,
Bid the slow night move blithe along?
For then thy glooms, and leafless tree,
Have charms for Emma, and for me.

Thus, when the bloom of youth is dead,
And fancy's frolic hours are fled,
Tranquil, and free from passion's rage,
I'll meet the hoary frost of age.
Then, Winter, come! these blessings bring;
I sigh not for the gaudy Spring:
So shall thy glooms, and leafless tree,
Have charms for Emma, and for me.

Roberts's Looker-on.

THE EXCHANGE OF HEARTS.

We pledg'd our loves, my love and I,
Me in her arms the maiden clasping,
I could not guess the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's leave she bid me gain,
I went, but shook like any reed,
I strove to act the man—in vain,
We had exchang'd our hearts indeed!

MS.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

WOULD I might live near Avon's flow'ry brink,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst others strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace,
Would I near Welland had a dwelling place.

Would I these harmless pastimes might pursue,
And uncontroll'd might ponds and rivers view;
Whilst others spend their time in base excess,
In drinking, gaming, and in wantonness.

Would I might let my fancy feed its fill,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Whilst others toil in hunting, are perplex'd,
And with unquiet recreations vex'd.

Would I might view the compass of the sky,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye,
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Blushing to rise from old Tithonus' bed.

Would I might walk in woods and forests long,
In whose cool bowers the birds sing many a song;
And in the verdant meadows fresh and green,
Would I might sit, and court the Summer's queen.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

Yes, sweet's the delight, when our blushes impart
The youthful affection that glows in the heart;
When prudence, and duty, and reason approve
The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destin'd to feel
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
Lest a parent in anger the flame disapprove;
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is confess'd,
If the sigh, when half heav'd, be with terror suppress'd,
If the whisper of passion suspicion must move;
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Or, if her fond bosom with tenderness sighs
For a lover who ceases her fondness to prize;
Forgetting the vows with which warmly he strove
To gain the soft charm of the virgin's first love:

If, tempted by int'rest, he venture to shun
The gentle affection his tenderness won,
With another through passion's soft mazes to rove;
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

See her eye, when the tale of his falsehood she hears,
Now beaming with scorn, and now glist'ning with tears,
How great is the anguish she's destin'd to prove!
Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love.

No more soft emotion shall glow on her cheek,
But paleness her bosom's fond agony speak;
And dimm'd by affliction that eye shall now prove,
Which spoke the soft warmth of the virgin's first love.

And see, sad companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flatt'ring dress!
Sure! the blush on that cheek ev'ry fear must remove:
Ah! no, 'tis th' effect of the virgin's first love.

Still brighter the colour that glows in her cheek;
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;
Oh! vain are the hopes these appearances move;
Fond parent! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And now quite unconscious that fate hovers near,
On her face see the smile of contentment appear:
No struggle, no groan, his dread summons to prove;
Death ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love.

Ye nymphs! ere your bosoms with tenderness heave,
Let your choice from a parent glad sanction receive,
Lest wrong-plac'd affection's keen sorrows you prove,
And Hymen ne'er smile on the virgin's first love.

But chiefly be sure, that the fond favour'd youth
Is wholly your own, and devoted to truth;
Lest the anguish of slighted affection you prove,
And death end the dream of the virgin's first love.

The Cabinet.

SONNET.

WHEN ev'ry charm of life is fled,
And ev'ry thought is fill'd with care;
When peace, and hope, and health, are dead,
And nothing lives but dire despair;

When sleep, the wretch's late relief,
Tho' potent drugs invite his pow'r;
Denies one little pause to grief,
The balmy respite of an hour:

Ah! what can pity's self devise,
From farther ills the wretch to save,
But wish his death, with tender sighs,
And drop a tear upon his grave!

Pratt's Gleanings.

VERSES

Hung on the bough of a venerable Walnut Tree which overshadows the burying ground of Mr. Waller.

STRANGER, if virtue, or if verse be dear,
With pious caution pay thy visit here.
Planted by him whose sacred dust has laid
Twice fifty summers underneath this shade;
Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand,
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand:
Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
A part of Waller feeds my verdant bloom;
Oh! spare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
For in each leaf a part of him you save:
And on the fruits which clust'ring round me grow,
A more than vulgar destiny below:
Taste, but with rev'rence, kneeling at the shrine,
So may'st thou eat, and Waller's muse be thine:
A second tree of knowledge may I be,
And unforbidden wisdom shine in thee.

Beaconsfield Church Yard.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On her Marriage.

DEAR to my heart as life's warm stream,
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain,
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet will it be as when the past
Twin'd ev'ry joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affection finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again.

May he who claims thy tender heart
Deserve its love, as I have done,
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so belov'd, thou'rt fairly won;
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again.

Mrs. Hunter.

LOVE.

TO ANNA.

THOUGH no specious skill I show
On a lie my bliss to raise,
Though I cannot truth forego,
Nor ideal beauties praise;
Though by flatt'ry's honied tongue
I disdain thy soul to move,
Though I chide when thou art wrong,
Yet, my fair one, yet I love.

Should I, (tell me) should I swear
Lightning center'd in that eye,
That thy skin, supremely fair,
With heaven's purest fleece might vie?
Should I urge the false pretence,
Would'st thou not with scorn reprove?
Yes—thy more exalted sense,
Severs flattery from love.

Must the false one gain the heart,
Vainly sought without disguise?
Shall I spurn the false one's part,
E'en though Anna is the prize:
The hackney'd oath, the soft'ning sigh,
Oft, too oft successful prove;
Arts, for my weak grasp too high—
I, alas! have only love.

Few, I own, to truth attend,
  Yet I dare expose my heart;
If my words, too free, offend,
  Though I dread it, I *can* part.
But, which gracious heav'n decree!
  If thou deign but to approve,
From falsehood, as from flatt'ry, free,
  Take my everlasting love.

The Monthly Mirror.

BY A GENTLEMAN

Omitting to subscribe his name to a Letter to a Lady.

'Tis true I did forget my name,
But many a man has done the same,
  In circumstance like mine;
Alas! my crazy head's too prone
Not only to forget my own,
  But every name—but thine.

Howe'er the means are in your pow'r
To make me bless it ev'ry hour,
  (Dear charmer, then abet it)
Do but unite your name with mine,
I then shall think it half divine,
  And never more forget it.

MS.

LINES

Addressed to Mrs. Crew, by the Hon. Charles Fox.

WHEN the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd,
When blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwells in the heart;
When in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal, to shield me from love.
Then tell me, mysterious enchantress! O tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magic spell,
My heart is so fenced, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without madness on Amoret's eyes?
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more?
Is't reason? no, that my whole life will belie,
For who's so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows for one softer sensation a part?
Ah! no, for in this all the world must agree,
That one folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress so intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, or variety cloy'd?

For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of the nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse which from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss which the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extreme both of pleasure and pain,
I'm still but too ready to feel them again;
If then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escap'd from a snare, might catch wiser than me,
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their force, tho' their splendour we praise,
So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But 'tis love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.

M. S.

EPITAPH

HERE is my much lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labours!
Glory to God! peace to the dead!
And to the ears of all her neighbours!

VERSES TO A LADY

WHO REFUSED THE KISSES OF HER LOVER.

O TURN not those dear lips away,
But let us kiss while yet we may,
While yet we may, for stealing time
Will ne'er restore those hours of prime.
Yon blushing sun that sets to night,
To-morrow rises with new light,
But ah! when once our days are done,
The shades of endless night come on.
An hundred kisses then, my fair,
And now another hundred spare,
Another hundred still remain,
Grant then the number o'er again.
Who kissing can despise, or blame?
A chaste delight that's still the same,
Where love—is ever but begun,
Never, ah! never—to be done.
Those lips when press'd more lovely grow,
More sweetly pout, more deeply glow,
Should I ten thousand kisses gain,
New stores of bliss would still remain.
Thus, tho' the chaste industrious bee
Of blooming shrub, or fragrant tree,
The sweets with greedy joy devours,
Unhurt he leaves the beauteous flowers.

MS.

THE SLIGHTED MAID.

The bells that from yon distant tow'r
So jocund Damon's marriage tell,
Tho' now they hail his blissful hour,
Will soon proclaim my funeral knell:
Ah! Damon, ere thy flatt'ring tale
My unsuspicious nature won,
I gaily sung o'er hill and dale,
Blythe as the bird that hails the sun.

Amidst the hymeneal train,
Ah! should it to thy ear be borne—
Thy slighted nymph along the plain
Strays, wretched rover! all forlorn:—
Say, will a gentle struggling sigh
Escape amidst the festive scene!
Will memory's retrospective eye
Look back on days that once have been?

When roving o'er the hallow'd ground,
Encircled all with mournful yew,
Should the green sod that clasps me round,
Obtrusive catch thy careless view:
Say, as thou gazest on my dust,
With conscious feelings wilt thou glow?
And, to thy once lov'd Anna just,
Will pity's glistening current flow?

Ah, no! in earth's cold bosom laid,
Let me unwept, forgotten, lie;
Nor, tho' 'twould sooth my lonely shade,
Bestow on me one single sigh—
'Twould wrong the fair, the happy bride,
Whom kinder fates have join'd to thee;
Be then that last sad claim deny'd,
And never once reflect on me.

Rev. Thomas Browne.

ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Will the ladies permit me to offer before 'em
A story well known, and of perfect decorum?
When Salisbury's fam'd Countess was dancing with glee,
The stocking's security fell from her knee;
Rival beauties, and courtiers, they could not do less,
Kindly pitied the fair, and enjoy'd her distress:
Allusions and hints, sneers and whispers, went round,
And the trifle was scouted, and left on the ground;
But Edward the brave, with true soldier-like spirit,
Cries, "The garter is mine, 'tis the order of merit."
The first knights of my court shall be happy to wear
(Proud distinction) the garter that fell from the fair;
Whilst in letters of gold ('tis your monarch's high will)
Shall these words be inscrib'd, "Ill to him who thinks ill."

MS.

INSCRIPTION

For a Cavern in the Vale of Glamorgan.

I, intro! nec timeat justus faciemque caverne,
Ceu quanquam noctis sedes tenebrosa videtur,
Ceterum ad Elysii campos certissima porta.

O thou, who hither com'st from far,
From tranquil vales, or fiend-like war,
From Wolga's fiercely rolling tide,
Or Arar's banks (whose tranquil side
With thyme so sweetly cover'd o'er)
Here rest! and try the world no more!
Here, where flowers of beauteous hue,
In modest pride attract thy view,
Where rills from mountain heights descend
In gurgling streams, and slowly bend
Their wand'ring courses down the vale,
Where peace and blooming health prevail,
And where the birds their notes prolong,
Sigh to the woods their sweetly varying song.
O pilgrim! fly from ev'ry earthly woe,
And taste those raptures which these scenes bestow;
Fly from the world! beset with passions rude,
And own no home but blissful solitude.

Mirror.

SPECTACLES;

OR, HELPS TO READ.

WHERE gently swinging o'er the gate,
The royal lion hugs his chain,
Deck'd in a tawny hide, and wig
(Instead of mane)
As frizzled and as big
As that which clothes the wisest judge's pate.—
The village club, inspir'd by beer,
Had met, the chronicle to hear,
Which, weekly, to the list'ning crowd,
Aaron, their clerk, proclaim'd aloud.
While talking over state affairs,
Each fault in politics discerning,
And praising Aaron's wond'rous learning,
A hawker came to vend his wares;
The well-pack'd box his aged shoulders prest,
And his rough beard descended to his breast.
"Vell, shentlemen, vat you vant to buy?
Goot razors, knives, vate'er you chuse,
Vatch-keys, or buckles for de shoes;
Or do you stand in need
Of spectacles, vich help to read?"
"Do you sell helps to read?" Hodge cries,
And yawns, and rubs his drowsy eyes;
"Hand me a pair,—at least I'll try;
Who knows, but, when the old man's dead,
I may be clerk in Aaron's stead."

So said, he fix'd them on his snout,
And star'd, and wink'd, and look'd about,
But all in vain:
"Perhaps de soight's too old," the pedlar cries,
Sher, try anoder pair;
Dese, sher, vill shute you to a hair."
Again the bumkin try'd;
His eyes ran o'er the page again,
But all was dark and puzzling as before.
"Vell, sir," cry'd Moses, "can you now see better?"
"Not I," quoth Hodge, with angry roar;
"I cannot tell a letter."
Then madly stamp'd and rav'd,
Swearing he'd have the cheating Hebrew shav'd;
He'd dock his chin, he'd mow his grisly beard.
"Vy, sher," cry'd Moses, striving to be heard,
"*Perhaps you camnot read,* and if 'tis so,
Noting vill help you out, you know;
De spectacles are very goot indeed,
But den, perhaps you never vent to school."
"What," growl'd the clown, with fiery eye,
And redden'd face, whose anger you might see,—
"D'ye take me for a fool?
If I could say my A, B, C,
What need have I
For any helps to read?"

I. Britton, Jun.

THE WYE.

Soft as those tear-besprinkled smiles
  Which deck with loves each pitying eye,
This wand'ring river woe beguiles,
  And steals an hour from misery.

Tender is the mellow hue
  Which softens all the ev'ning hour;
This stream displays as soft a view,
  And wakes a sympathetic pow'r.

Sweet is the shore the Arabs boast,
  With roses cover'd, and with gum,
The Wye, as sweet, delights us most,
  Since far remov'd from worldly hum.

Soft is the strain that sooths the mind,
  Disposing all the soul to weep;
So soft, so mild, so gently wind
  These lovely waters to the deep.

Mirror.

TO A COQUETTE.

Yes, we will part, these stifled sighs
Shall smother ev'ry spark of fire,
Which those two heaven-created eyes
Seem'd still so willing to inspire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll ask, what crime
Could thus so suddenly subdue
A flame so ardent, so sublime,
As that which once I felt for you?

No crime, no sin, perhaps mankind
May laugh at scruples *I* regret;
Sweet maid, as I am not *quite* blind,
I find thou art a true coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded street,
Attract all hearts too if you can,
Charm ev'ry coxcomb that you meet,
And only lose—an honest man.

Thus Indian folly you surpass,
Who (as by travellers we're told)
Are charm'd with little bits of glass,
And buy them with their purest gold.

And when your fading roses fly,
Your lilies are no longer seen,
Ah! may you ne'er have cause to cry,
How very foolish I have been.

Mirror.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

YES, we will part—I see tis vain
To hold you in the graceful chain
Of elegance and fashion:
Before your stormy jealous sighs,
Love spreads his silken wings and flies,
Scar'd at the gust of passion.

Why should you hope that you alone
Should mount my heart's divided throne,
So obstinate and mulish?
Would you enchain a woman's will?
Then bid the raging sea be still!
I'm sure you're very foolish.

Ah, if poor women were to die
Merely for their coquettry,
Or veering like the weather,
Impartial justice, so sublime,
Would gather them in every clime,
And hang us *all together.*

But ere I close my flippant strain,
Were all *men* hang'd for being *vain*,
(Now pray be not offended)
Lamenting, heaven would shortly see
Both sexes huddled on the tree,
And so the *world be ended.*

Mirror.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

GAZE not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait;
Now, while thou canst, the danger fly,
Nor dare, like me, to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
Awe-struck as Persians at the sun;
My bosom own'd their instant pow'r,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air with winged force
And deadly aim the bullet flies;
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warrior feels it, and he dies.

Maunde.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

"The work is done, the structure is complete,
Long may this produce of my humble toil
Uninjur'd stand, and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, *Benevolence* and Moyle.*"

So Richard spake, as he survey'd
The dwelling he had rais'd;
And, in the fullness of his heart,
His gen'rous patron prais'd.

Him *Moyle* o'erheard, whose wand'ring step
Chance guided had that way;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earnest thus did say:

"My mind, I see, misgave me not,
My doubtings now are clear,
Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
Have dwelt a menial here.

* Sir Thomas Moyle, possessor of Eastwell Place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground and permission to build himself a house thereon. The poem opens just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell Place has since been in the possession of the Earls of Winchelsea.

"To drudgery, and servile toil,
Thou could'st not be decreed
By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
By hard o'er-ruling need.

"Is it not so? That crimson glow,
That flushes o'er thy cheek,
And down-cast eye, true answer give,
And thy tongue need not speak.

"Oft have I mark'd thee, when unseen
Thou thought'st thyself by all,
What time the workman from his task
The ev'ning bell did call?

"Hast thou not shunn'd thy untaught mates,
And to some secret nook,
With drooping gait, and musing eye,
Thy lonely step betook?

"There hath not thy attention dwelt
Upon the letter'd page,
Lost, as it seem'd to all beside,
Like some sequester'd sage?

"And wouldst thou not, with eager haste,
The precious volume hide,
If sudden some intruder's eye
Thy musings hath descried?

" Oft have I deem'd thou couldst explore
The Greek and Roman page,
And oft have yearn'd to view the theme,
That did thy hours engage.

" But sorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
Esteems of mighty price
Its treasur'd cares, and to the world
The scantiest share denies;

All as the Miser's heaped hoards,
To him alone confin'd,
They serve, at once, to sooth and pain
The wretched owner's mind.

" Me had capricious fortune doom'd
Thine equal in degree,
Long, long ere now, I had desir'd
To know thine history:

" But who their worldly honours wear
With meekness chaste and due,
Decline to ask, lest the request
Should bear commandment's hue.

" Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
Thy grateful piety,
No longer be thy story kept
In painful secrecy.

"Give me to know thy dawn of life;
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.

"Now, late in life, 'tis time, I ween,
To give thy labours o'er;
Thy well-worn implements lay by,
And drudge and toil no more.

"Here shalt thou find a quiet rest,
For all thy days to come,
And every comfort that may serve
T' endear thy humble home.

"Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
Beyond this neat abode?
Is there a good, a higher bliss,
By me may be bestow'd?

"Is there within thy aged breast
The smallest aching void?
"Give me to know thy longings all,
And see them all supply'd.

"All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth."

So gen'rous *Moyle* intent bespake
The long enduring man,*
Who rais'd, at length, his drooping head,
And, sighing, thus began:

RICHARD PLANTAGENET

RECITETH HIS TALE.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
The story of my birth and treach'rous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
At recollection of my infant state!

Oft have I labour'd to forget my birth,
And check'd remembrance, when, in cruel wise,
From time's abyss she would the tale draw forth,
And place my former self before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, tho' I feel anew,
All as I speak, fell fortune's bitter spite,
Who once set affluence, grandeur, in my view,
Then churlish snatch'd them from my cheated sight.

And yet it may be—is—nay, must be best,
Whate'er heav'n's righteous laws for man ordain;
Weak man! who lets one sigh invade his breast,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain!

* He served near sixty years at Eastwell.

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod,
Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

My curse, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of splendid pride, and I in vain had sought
The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,
Rest undisturb'd, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
My honour'd lord, this undesign'd delay,
Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!—they're flown—and now my tongue prepares,
Thou source of every good by me possest,
To pour a tale into thy wond'ring ears,
Full three-score years close lock'd within my breast.

Of those care-woven, long protracted years,
Some sixteen summers pass'd obscurely on,
A stranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

Plac'd in a rural, soft, serene retreat,
With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
Who sought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God.

By him instructed, I attain'd the sweet,
The precious blessings that from learning flow,
He fann'd in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardor glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the *Mantuan* page,
Enraptur'd mix with *Tully's* polish'd grace,
Or catch the flame of *Homer's* martial rage.

Nor stopt he there, Preceptor excellent,
Nor deem'd that wisdom lay in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heav'ns genuine pity glist'ning in his eyes,
The sweets of charity he would instill,
And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
In universal mercy and good-will.

So taught this pious man, so thought, so did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true;
His counsel or relief to none denied,
A general good, like heav'n's all-cheering dew!

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileless peace my spring of life was spent,
My leisure hours I sported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
My kind instructor's due reward supplied;
But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapt in the gloom of secrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recall)
That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
And led my footsteps to a lofty hall,
Where state and splendor seem'd to hold their seat.

Thro' a long range of spacious gilded rooms
Dubious I pass'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich-woven labours of the looms,
The sculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew; wrapt in suspense
And fear I stood, yet knew not what I fear'd;
When straight to my appall'd, astounded sense,
A man of noble port and mien appear'd.

His form commanded and his visage aw'd,
My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh,
With stately step along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorn'd his vest,
In splendid folds his purple robe did fly,
And royal emblems glitter'd on his breast.

I sought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
Their wonted office, motionless and chill;
Yet somewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
A dubious joy did in my mind instill.

While thus I cowr'd beneath his piercing eye,
He saw and strove to mitigate my fear,
Soft'ning the frown of harsh austerity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind he cheer'd my sinking heart,
Question'd me much, and strok'd my drooping head:
Yet his whole mind he seem'd not to impart,
His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A broider'd purse, which weighty seem'd with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly press'd my hand;
And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul w or d hugely, and his bosom swell'd,
As tho' some mighty thing he yearn'd to say,
But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
He started, frown'd, and snatch'd himself away.

My guide return'd, and reconducted me
Tow'rd the abode of my Preceptor kind;
A man he seem'd of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that pass'd,
Striving by mine his confidence to gain;
Then my enquiries frank before him cast,
Hoping some knowledge of myself t' attain.

I ask'd what wond'rous cause, yet undescry'd,
Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t' employ;
And why that man of dignity and pride
Had deign'd his notice to a stranger boy.

Confus'd, yet undispleas'd, my guide appear'd,
Nought he divulg'd (tho' much he seem'd to know)
Save this, which he with earnest look aver'd,
"No obligation, youth, to me you owe;

"I do but what my place and duty bid,
With me no kindred drops of blood you share,
Yet (hard to tell!) your birth must still be hid;
Enquire no farther—honour bids, forbear."

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
As tho' he pitied my sensations keen;
Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
And pledg'd obedience, with submissive mien.

He left me at my Tutor's soft abode,
And parting, bless'd me by the *holy cross*;
My heart wax'd sad, as he re-trac'd the road,
And seem'd to have sustain'd some mighty loss.

But soon tumultous thoughts began gave way,
Lull'd by the voice of my Preceptor sage;
Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease;
O! in his blameless life how well he prov'd
The house of goodness is the house of peace!

Here I again enjoy'd my sweet repose,
And taught my heart, with pious wisdom fill'd,
No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
What stubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
Some sterner pow'r my rising life controul'd,
My visionary hopes too swiftly past,
And left my prospects, dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not seen the sun, with treach'rous ray,
Shine out awhile, then instant disappear,
And leave to damp and gloom the future day?

So dawn'd my fate, and so deceiv'd my heart,
Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore;
In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
From all my comforts to return no more.

My guide once more arriv'd, tho', as of late,
Of soft deportment he appear'd not now,
But wild impatience flutter'd in his gait,
And care and thought seem'd busy on his brow.

"Rise, youth," he said, "and mount this rapid steed;"
I argued not; his bidding strait was done;
Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
Arm'd at all points, with rich caparison.

We commun'd not—such heat was in our speed,
Scarcely would it allow me pow'r of thought,
'Till eve, deep painted with a burning red,
To Bosworth field our panting coursers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
Where base advent'rers did in compact join
'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
And low'r'd the crest of York's imperial line?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our course we stay'd—yet we alighted not;
Fill'd with astonishment I gaz'd around,
While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot.

Thick-station'd tents, extended wide and far,
To th' utmost stretch of sight could I behold,
And banners flutt'ring in the whistling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

The sinking sun, with richly burnish'd glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick shifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echo'd with the steed's proud neigh:
The bands oft turn'd and ey'd the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanish'd now apace, and twilight grey
With speed unusual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And centinels thick-posted watch'd around.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Befriended by the stars, that brightly shone,
And fires, that cast a trembling gleam around.

With hasty foot we press'd the dewy sod,
Fit answer making to each station'd guard;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our further progress barr'd.

He seem'd as tho' he there did list'ning stand,
His face deep-muffled in his folded cloak;
Now threw it wide, snatch'd quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighb'ring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavilion shone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
The polish'd armour, bright and deft to don,
Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently grac'd,
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtleaxe unsheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonnetted, and drew me nigh,
Wrapt in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd
Like the dark low'rings of the clouded sky,
Ere the big-bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Tho' each dark line I could not truly scan,
Yet thro' the veil of his distemper'd mien,
Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the palace I had seen.

To quell his feelings huge he sternly try'd,
Holding strong combat with his fighting soul,
Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
As tho' from pow'r supreme he scorn'd controul.

At length (in part subdu'd his troubled breast)
On my impatient ear these accents broke,
(I pale and trembling as th' attentive priest,
Who waits the inspirings of his mystic oak!)

"Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
The secret of thy birth shall now be shewn;
With glorious ardor be thy bosom fraught,
For know, thou art imperial RICHARD's son.

"Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
Thou royal issue of Plantagenet!
Soon as my pow'r hath quell'd these loud alarms,
Thou shalt be known, be honour'd, and be great.

"Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears;
To nature's dues be other hours assign'd!
Beset with foes, solicitude, and cares,
Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.

"To-morrow,* boy, I combat for my crown,
To shield from soil my dignity and fame:
Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown,
And on my ruin raise his upstart name:

* The battle of Bosworth field was fought August 22nd, 1485.

" He leads yon shallow renegado band,
Strangers to war and hazardous emprize,
And 'gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
Vain and unskill'd, a desp'rate conflict tries.

" Yet since assurance is not giv'n to man,
Nor can ev'n kings command th' event of war,
Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air.

" To-morrow's sun beholds me conqueror,
Or sees me low among the slaughter'd lie;
Richard shall never grace a victor's car,
But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

" But thou, my son, heed and obey my word,
Seek not to mingle in the wild affray:
Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
Patient await the issue of the day.

" North of our camp there stands a rising mound,
(Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way)
Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around,
And view each chance, each movement of the fray.

" If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
Then shall thy noble birth to all be known;
Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
And midst my laurell'd bands my Son I'll own.

"But if blind chance, that seld' determines right,
Rob me at once of empire and renown,
Be sure thy father's eyes are clos'd in night,
Life were disgrace when chance had reft my crown.

"No means are left thee then, but instant flight,
In dark concealment must thou veil thy head;
On Richard's friends their fellest rage and spite
His foes will wreak, and fear ev'n Richard dead.

"Begone, my son! This one embrace! Away!
Some short reflections claim this awful night:
Ere from the east peep forth the glimm'ring day,
My knights attend to arm me for the fight."

Once more I knelt, he clasp'd my lifted hands,
Bless'd me, and seem'd to check a struggling tear;
Then led me forth to follow his commands,
O'erwhelm'd with tenderest grief, suspense, and fear.

What need of more? Who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that desp'rate foughten field,
Where, with his wond'rous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers overpow'r'd, my sire was kill'd?

A son no more, what course was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither should I wend?
Back to my Tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought;
The pious man, snatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,
The way to immortality and God.

With flowing eyes I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to heav'n did bend;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's best and surest friend;

That he would guide me to some soft retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn,
Where pious peace might sooth ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardour learn.

He heard me—All I ask'd in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.

The work is done, the structure is complete—
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Un-injur'd stand! and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!

T. Hull.

LOVE SONG.

Adapted to the mercenary manners of the Age.

Boast not to me the charms that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and feature I despise;
Wealth, wealth, is beauty to the wise.

Come then, Oh come! and with thee bring
Ten thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasures in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

Meteor.

STANZAS.

'Tis noon, and the cool-breathing zephyr is fled,
And the dew-drop no longer besprinkles the thorn;
I fly from the sun-beam that scorches my head,
And sigh when I think on the beauties of morn.

For oh! vanish'd morn, as I feel thee depart,—
I know that life's loveliest season is o'er;
Like thy shades each soft vision is quitting my heart,
And I know that these visions shall glad it no more!

Yet why should I mourn? on my opening mind
Thought early intruded her lessons severe;
E'en in childhood I ponder'd the precepts unkind,
And mingled the revels of youth with a tear!

Sport on, then, ye triflers—enjoy the gay beam,
Nor remember the shadows of ev'ning must fall,
When its splendours shall perish like yesterday's dream,
And silence and night shall envelope ye all.

For me, as the pageant glides by, I can smile,
Since few are the pleasures time pilfers from me,
And hope of its terrors my breast shall beguile,
As I welcome the sentence that bids me be free!

Miss Holford.

A CHARM FOR ENNUI.

Ye Couples who meet under love's smiling star,
Too gentle to skirmish, too soft e'en to jar;
Tho' cover'd with roses from joys richest tree,
Near the couch of delight lurks the devil Ennui.

Let the muse's gay lyre, like Ithuriel's bright spear,
Keep this fiend, ye sweet brides, from approaching your ear,
Since you know this squat toad an infernal Esprit,
Never listen, like Eve, to this devil Ennui.

Let no gloom of your hall, let no shade of your bower,
Make you think you behold this malevolent power;
Like a child in the dark what you fear you will see,
Take courage, away—'tis the phantom Ennui.

O trust me, your powers both of person and mind,
To defend from this foe full sufficient you'll find,
Should your eyes fail to kill him, with keen repartee
You can sink the flat boat of the invader Ennui.

If a cool nonchalance o'er your spouses should spread,
(For vapours will rest e'en on Jupiter's head)
O! ever believe it from jealousy free,
A thin passing cloud—not the mist of Ennui.

Of tender complainings, tho' love be the theme,
O! beware, my sweet friends, 'tis a dangerous scheme,
And tho' often 'tis tried, mark pauvre Mari,
These by kindness inclos'd in the coop of Ennui.

Let confidence, rising such terrors above,
Drown the discord of doubt in the music of love,
Your duet shall thus charm, in the natural key,
No sharps from vexation, no flats from Ennui.

But to your happy husbands, in matters more nice,
The muse, tho' a maiden, yet offers advice,
O drink not too deeply your bumpers of glee,
Even ecstasy's cup hath some dregs of Ennui.

Though love for your lips fills with nectar his bowl,
Tho' his morn bath of bliss shall inspirit your soul,
O swim not too far upon rapture's high sea,
Lest you sink unawares in the gulph of Ennui.

Impatient of law, passion oft will reply,
Against limitation I'll plead till I die,
But chief justice Nature rejects the vain plea,
And such culprits are doom'd to the jail of Ennui.

When husband and wife are honey too fond,
They are like poison'd carp at the top of a pond,
Together they gape o'er a cold dish of tea,
Two muddy sick fish in the net of Ennui.

Of indolence most, ye mild couples, beware,
For the myrtles of love often hide the soft snare;
The fond doves in their nests from his pow'r cannot flee,
But the lark in the morn 'scapes the vulture Ennui.

Let cheerful good humour, that sunshine of life,
Which smil'd in the maiden, illumine the wife;
And mutual attention, in equal degree,
Keep Hymen's bright chain from the rust of Ennui.

To the graces together both fail not to bend,
And both to the voice of the muses attend,
So Minerva for you shall with Cupid agree,
And preserve your chaste flame from the smoke of Ennui.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S PRAYER BOOK.

WHILST you, fair virgin! Heaven alone pursue,
My thoughts are fix'd on equal heaven in you;
But why such beauty and such rigour join'd?
Ne'er for a cloister was that face design'd;
To bless, not curse, some happy man 'twas given—
Then smile, and answer the decrees of heaven.

LINES

Written on visiting the Tomb of Dermody.

STILL, Red-breast, o'er the tuneful dead,
That sweetly-soothing dirge prolong;
For his, who owns this earthy bed,
His was as sad, as sweet a song!

Unhappy Bard! the scene is past;
At length thy mortal struggle's o'er:
But, oh! with that untimely blast,
Thy raptur'd strains are heard no more.

Beside the turf that wraps thy clay,
Shall kindred mem'ry fondly wake,
And, spite of all thy foes can say,
Shall love thee for the Muse's sake.

O! take from one, who knows to scan
The ardent soul, the dark career,
Who feels for erring, wretched man,
O! take this tributary tear.

Here, where no more rude cares molest,
But earth's sad sufferers calmly sleep;
Here, where the weary are at rest,
Shall Genius oft her vigils keep.

And Pity, with a beaming eye,
Forgot the faults that laid thee low,
O'er thy cold grave shall deeply sigh,
And mourn thy pilgrimage of woe.

Still, Red-breast, o'er the tuneful dead,
That sweetly-soothing dirge prolong;
For his, who owns this earthy bed,
His was as sad, as sweet a song!

Meteor.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE of the mournful song, whose pensive smile
Has faintly gleam'd o'er many a wintry hour,
Wilt thou a truant votary's woes beguile,
Nor let me vainly court thy soothing power?

What if, encircled by the flaunting wreath,
By fickle Pleasure's rosy fingers wove,
Jocund I hail'd the morning's scented breath,
Or with gay footsteps trod the mazy grove?

What if, unheedful of thy precepts mild,
The winged hours in joy's light revels flew,
I gaz'd on bright-ey'd Fancy as she smil'd,
And bless'd the scenes Hope's fairy pencil drew?

Soon on the eye the vivid col'ring fades,
Soon Hope's gay song in distant echo dies,
While Mem'ry, pointing thro' her twilight shades,
Pours her sad requiem o'er departed joys.

Ah! sweeter grace adorns the drooping rose,
Which, bending, strews her pale leaves o'er thy shrine,
Than when in summer's ruddiest tints she glows,
Wild Riot's festal goblet to entwine.

Lovelier the gem which sparkles on the cheek,
Or lends soft lustre to the pensive eye;
And sweeter language does its silence speak,
Than the rude laughter of insensate joy.

Then, when too oft deceiv'd, the weary heart
Can trust Hope's visionary tale no more,
When life's bright summer hastens to depart,
And age and winter shed their influence hoar,

When the chill evening comes, and every blast
Murmurs of pleasures never to return,
Let me, with thee, retrace the fleeting past,
Smile on my lays, and teach them how to mourn.

Mirror.

ON THE EYES.

Tell me not of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Hazle, sober grey, or brown;
If they're clouded by a frown,
And without expression fraught,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll never please.

But, though sparkling with delight,
Or, with sorrow dark as night;
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear;
They'll surely please.

Meteor.

EPIGRAM.

On Mr. Day, a very tall man, marrying Miss Knight, who was rather short.

This match to me appears but right,
Though long the Day, yet short the night.

TO A LADY,

WITH A REPEATING WATCH.

HENCE, curious Toy!—to Laura go,
And dangle by her side,
Thou emblem of a modern beau,
In all his glitt'ring pride.

When in her bed you hang in air,
And measure out dull time,
Say, joy and love should be her care,
Now beauty's in its prime.

When first she wakes at Jenny's knock,
—Then thoughts are frank and free—
Tell her instead of—what's o'Clock,
'Tis time to think of me!

Tell her—a lover in her arms,
His pulse will beat as true;
His heart would spring with love's alarms,
And vibrate quick as you!

Herbert.

STANZAS.

TRANSLATED FROM CAMOENS.

YES—labour, love, and toil would please,
Were toil and labour borne for thee;
And Fortune's nursling, lap'd on ease,
In wealth of heart be poor to me!

Why should I pant for sordid gain?
Or why Ambition's voice believe?
Since, dearest, thou dost not disdain
The only gift I have to give?

Time would with speed of light'ning flee,
And every hour a comfort bring,
And days, and years, employ'd for thee,
Shake pleasures from their passing wing!

Lord Strangford.

EPITAPH.

SLEEP on, sweet maid, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

Harrow Church-yard.

THE SORROWS OF MEMORY.

In vain to me the howling deep
  Stern Winter's awful reign discloses:
In vain shall Summer's zephyrs sleep
  On fragrant beds of budding roses:
To me alike each scene appears,
  Since thou hast broke my heart, or nearly;
While mem'ry writes in frequent tears,
  That I have lov'd thee *very dearly!*

How many summers pass'd away!
  How many winters sad and dreary!
And still I taught thee to be gay,
  Whene'er thy soul of life was weary;
When ling'ring sickness wrung thy breast,
  And bow'd thee to the earth severely,
I strove to lull thy mind to rest;
  For then I lov'd thee,—*Oh how dearly!*

And though the flush of joy no more
  Shall, o'er my cheek its lustre throwing,
Bid giddy fools that cheek adore,
  And talk of passion ever glowing—
Still to thy mind should time impart
  A charm to bid it feel sincerely;
Nor idly wound a breaking heart
  That lov'd thee long, and *lov'd thee dearly!*

Could gold thy truant fancy bind—
A faithful heart would still content me;
For, oh! to serve that heart unkind,
I gave *thee* all that fortune lent me!
In youth, when suitors round me press'd,
Who vow'd to love, and "love sincerely,"
When wealth could never charm my breast,—
Tho' thou wert poor, *I lov'd thee dearly!*

Seek not the fragile dreams of love:
Such fleeting phantoms will deceive thee;
They will but transient idols prove,—
In wealth beguile, in sorrow leave thee.
Ah! dost thou hope the sordid mind,
When thou art poor, will feel sincerely?
Wilt thou in such the friendship find,
Which warm'd the heart that *lov'd thee dearly?*

Though fickle passions cease to burn
For her, so long thy bosom's treasure,
Ah! think that reason may return,
When far from thee my paths I measure:
Say, who will then thy conscience heal?
Or who will bid thy heart beat cheerly?
Or from that heart the mem'ry steal
Of *her* who *lov'd thee truly—dearly?*

When war shall rouse the brooding storm,
And horrors haunt thy thorny pillow;
When fancy shall present my form
Borne on the wild and restless billow;
Oh! where wilt thou a helpmate find
Whose heart, like mine, shall throb sincerely?
Or who *thy* heart in spells shall bind,
When *hers* is broke that *lov'd thee dearly*?

When thou contending throngs shall court,
Where party zeal has often crown'd thee;
Perchance, of Fortune's frowns the sport,
Caprice or cold neglect may wound thee!
Then wilt thou find no gen'rous heart
To bid thee bear misfortune cheerly;
No friend, in grief, to share a part
Like *her* who lov'd thee *long and dearly!*

Could I to distant regions stray,
From *thee* my thoughts would never wander;
For, at the purpling close of day,
By some lone vagrant rill's meander,—
Each wand'ring bee, each chilling wind,
Would tell the heart that's broken nearly,—
In them, where'er they rove, to find
The faults of *him I lov'd so dearly!*

I will not court thy fickle love;
Soon shall our fates and fortunes sever:
Far from thy sight will I remove,
And, smiling, sigh "adieu for ever!"
Give to the sordid friends thy days;
Still trust that they will act sincerely,—
And when the specious mask decays,
Lament the heart that *lov'd thee dearly!*

For time will swiftly journey on,
And age with sickness haste to meet thee,
Friends prov'd deceitful will be gone,
When they no more with smiles can cheat thee:
Then wilt thou seek in vain to find
A faithful heart that beats sincerely,—
A passion, cent'ring in the mind,
Which, scorning interest, *lov'd thee dearly!*

When in the grave this heart shall sleep,
No soothing dreams shall bless thy slumber;
For thou wilt often wake to weep,
And in despair my sorrows number!
My shade will haunt thine aching eyes,
My voice in whispers tell thee clearly
How *cold at last that bosom lies*
Which *lov'd thee long*, and *lov'd thee dearly!*

Mrs. Robinson.

CANZONET.

TRANSLATED FROM CAMOENS.

THOU pride of the forest! whose dark branches spread
To the sigh of the south-wind their tremulous green,
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich, and as red,
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

O'er thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the lightnings of summer pass harmlessly by;
For ever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view;
'Twas the swoon of the soul—'twas the transport of mind—
'Twas the happiest minute that ever I knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembering thee,
And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremulous shade.

Lord Strangford.

Compare the above with Mr. Sheridan's "Uncouth is this moss cover'd grotto of stone," Vol. 1. p. 57.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word, and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me?
My Mother.

O no! the thought I cannot bear,
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will sooth thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My Mother.

From an American Newspaper.

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF VIOLETS.

THESE violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute to the muse.

Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower, and bards prepare
The flowers of fancy, for the fair.
In flower of youth, the loves appear,
Leading in flowery youth the year;
And beauty's flowery fetters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the graces Venus deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck;
That neck, whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove, and bless the change:
One little hour I'd live—then die—
A violet in that heaven to lie.

Still as you charm some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
Does Laura lead the courtly dance?
We hail the *Flower of Elegance.*
Does Fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The Flower of Taste is Laura now.
In Laura's mien, in Laura's mind,
The twin-born *Flowers of Grace* we find;
And in her blushing cheek we see
The Royal Rose of Dignity.
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart the *Flower of Truth.*
Oh, might these violet buds express,
The op'ning *Flowers of Tenderness!*

But not the brightest flower of spring,
That fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these nor all the sweets that blow,
The rose's blush, the lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair.
For in thy bosom lives a flower
Nor time shall spoil, nor death devour,
A flower that no rude season fears,
And Virtue's sacred name it bears.

Theophilus Swift, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In *Church-Street* in *Hackney*, not far from the brook,
A shop is establish'd by hook or by crook,
Where, the wants of his patrons and friends to supply,
And promote his own interest too by the by,
The master has tried, to the utmost, his care,
An assortment of all the best goods to prepare;
Where all so dispos'd, may be certain to find
Good clothes for the body, and food for the mind.
And that none may mistake, he thus fully declares,
That he chaffers and deals in the following wares:—
In thread, silk, and worsted, all manner of hose,
And all sorts of handkerchiefs fit for the nose;
There are nightcaps of cotton for old men to wear,
And fillets for young ones to bind up their hair;
Such linen that none in the kingdom can beat,
Strong, fine, and well-threaded, white, lasting and neat;
Gloves, leather, and woollen, and some nice and thin,
Lin'd neatly with fur, to preserve a soft skin:
Good baize, and fine flannel, from Scotland and Wales,
And hats, smartly cock'd in the taste that prevails.
There is pigtail tobacco, and good oronoke,
For gentlemen either to chew or to smoke;
Some fine-spun for ladies, of delicate juice,
And short-cut and shag, for general use.

Then for snuffs, there's rappee, both scented and plain,
And pungent fine Scots, to clear up the dull brain;
With Strasburg, and bergamot too of the best,
Of peculiar fineness, and delicate zest;
Hardham's best thirty-seven, and cephalic enough,
And boxes, to hold both tobacco and snuff.
Then there's paper for writing, of every sort,
As good foolscap and post as can ever be bought,
Gilt, black-edg'd, and plain, and some rul'd to the hand,
Pens, ink, quills, pounce, wafers, wax, penknives and sand;
Here are message-cards too, invitations to carry,
And playing cards stampt with the phiz of King Harry;
Ink-stands of all sorts, both for table and pocket,
And one you may slide the top over and lock it;
Lead pencils, and boxes for wafers and pounce,
And fine spangled writing sand, three-pence per ounce.
There are books of account, in parchment or vellum,
And some with brass clasps, lest long using should swell 'em;
Neat sets of Fry's type, to print names upon linen,
And ledgers with alphabets at the beginning.
Port crayons, and cases for pencils in steel,
And neat little books, your bank notes to conceal;
In short, there's whatever the stationer's sell,
As cheap as in London, and finish'd as well.
There are printed books too, of all sorts and conditions,
Well bound, in good order, the fairest editions.
All tastes he can suit, be they ever so various,
And please every fancy, however precarious.

Here are truths and grave maxims to please the discerning;
Here the wit may find jokes, and the scholar find learning;
Here is mirth for the gay, and sad tales for the grave,
And sieges, and battles, and wars for the brave.
For the curious, inquisitive mind, that loves facts,
Here are all sorts of hist'ries, and memoirs, and tracts;
For the poet here's rhyme, for the solid here's prose,
And assistants for those, who want helps to compose;
Political pamphlets, and monthly reviews,
Magazines of all sorts, and all manner of news.
To pass a dull hour, here are novels in store,
Fairy tales, and romances, and fifty things more;
Collections of all the best songs that are sung,
Devout books for the old, and love tales for the young.
For the schoolman, here's nice and abstruse disquisitions,
Court cabals, and state papers, to please politicians!
Here are wond'rous exploits of intriguing gallants,
And young ladies escap'd from their old maiden aunts.
Here are voyages, and travels, and letters, and plays,
And operas, and riddles, and moral essays:
Here's abundance of works of the sentiment kind,
And here too the satyrist pleasure may find:
All sorts of new music, songs, airs, and cantatas,
Solos, trios, duets, catches, glees, and sonatas.

To sum up the whole, here's what each one may chuse,
And what they do not they are free to refuse.
That all may enjoy the effect of this treasure,
And read for a trifling expense at their leisure;

Twelve shillings a year gives command of the whole;
You may read as you please, without any controul;
Or if that sum's too much, or you chuse a time shorter,
You may always subscribe for four shillings a quarter.

Thus having announc'd to the public his station,
There remains but to make this sincere declaration,
That he always will strive, with his utmost endeavours,
To obey their commands, and so merit their favours.
It affords him the highest delight to reflect,
His success is beyond what he e'er could expect;
And yet such is the honour to which he aspires,
It is not a whit beyond what he desires.

This trifling affair having seen two editions,
Appears, as most other works do, with additions:
The reception the first hath obtain'd, leaves no fear
That this second will meet with a fate more severe;
Since it serves to convey his best thanks to his friends,
By whose favour he rose, and on whom he depends;
The sense of whose kindnesses past, quite absorbs
Their most faithful,
Sincere, humble Servant,
JOHN FORBES.

A Printed Shop Bill.

ODE TO MUSIC.

Imitated from the Medea of Euripides.

QUEEN of every magic measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure!
Music, why thy pow'rs employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the genial guests,
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather, thy lenient influence pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom death, or absence parts;
Come, and with softly whisper'd air,
And smooth the brow of dumb despair!

Warton.

EPIGRAM.

The Odds.

THE bright bewitching Fanny's eyes
A thousand hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you
Who, if you e'en design
To make me happy, must undo

INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE.

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now reading,
Think not that from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear,
That with remorse a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours,
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers,
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw that Honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceiv'd who trusted
In love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments holy,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace; and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorseful throb, and loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,
To God I fly!"

Stranger, if full of noise and riot,
As yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The Hermit's pray'r,
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care,

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exil'd from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine;
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

M. G. Lewis.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Say, ghastly, pale, and ruthless death!
That stopp'd my Sarah's balmy breath;
That stole the roses from her cheek,
And clos'd those eyes that seem'd to speak;
That hush'd the music of her tongue,
On which such notes seraphic hung;
Why should thy aim so partial be?
Ah! why not aim thy shaft at me?
Why leave me here on earth to roam,
In sad remembrance of that home
Where hours, and days, and years, I've sate
With my belov'd, angelic mate?
Why should I hopeless here remain,
To sing one dull and pensive strain;
Or frantic, wand'ring, lift my eyes,
To chase her spirit through the skies?
O listen to the boon I crave,
And close me in my Sarah's grave!

G. S. Carey.

FINIS.

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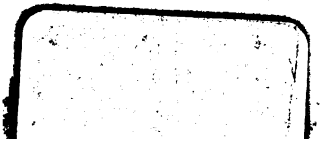
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